

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2765.—VOL. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

TWO (SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS! By Post, 6d.



THE PARLIAMENTARY STEEPLECHASE: MR. F. MILDMAI ON DISCRETION OVERHAULING MR. WALTER LONG ON CRUSADER, AT THE SECOND FENCE FROM HOME.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Lord Wolseley tells us that the engineer officers in the Crimea got so disgusted with the duration of the siege of Sebastopol as to suggest that the British Government should contract with some great firm, who cared nothing for Vauban and all his works, for the capture of the place. It is a pity his lordship has so long delayed to impart this information, for it opens a great vista for commercial enterprise at the very time (i.e., during war) when it is apt to be most slack. There is no reason why the plan should be restricted to sieges. Why not place the whole undertaking of the campaign in charge of a limited company, and wash our hands of it? When one considers how much is at present paid for the mere pomp and circumstance of war, the bands and the uniforms, it should certainly be cheaper. The well-known saying about the charge of the Light Brigade would then require some alteration: "C'est la guerre, mais ce n'est pas magnifique!" The proper person to apply to would obviously be the Universal Provider. If it be true that he has a staff of "military officers" whom he lets out as *quatorzaines* for dinner parties and as partners for balls, he has already a nucleus for this undertaking. He has carts enough for the commissariat and provisions always in stock; and as for arrangements for the wounded, whoever has seen one of his pianos carried away will have no doubts about the ambulance service. One does not see why "W. W." (on the flags) should not fly "from the summit of the Pyramids to the tops of the cedars" as that other initial (N) used to do, or why his bees should not be just as busy. As to the topical information that might be wanting to the inhabitants of "the Grove," the services of the gentlemen who "personally conduct" the expeditions of Mr. Cook could be combined with those of the Universal Provider. The very "butcher's bill" itself, at the end of the campaign, might be issued from the usual department.

The recent life of the artist Severn has probably set at rest for ever the story of the killing of John Keats by the *Quarterly*; but what seems curious is not only how long it was believed, but how firmly it was so at the time of his decease, and when the facts ought to have been better known than at a later date. One of the finest elegiac poems in the language would not have been written had not his friend and contemporary, Shelley, believed it. "The first effects of that review," he says, "resembled insanity, and it was only by assiduous watching that Keats was restrained from committing suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption began." It must have seemed rather an exaggerated statement to anybody, and it is no wonder that Byron expressed his doubts. For however "sensitive" Keats might have been, he had been brought up in a school which had almost as great a contempt for the literary opinions of the *Quarterly* as for its Tory views. It has recently been stated (rather to one's surprise) that even nowadays a poet is judged by certain reviewers according to his political opinions, but it really was so in the time of Keats, so that the pinch of salt with which their criticisms were taken must have been a very large one. In Byron's case censure made him exceedingly angry, and stung him into following up the feeble volume of verse which had been the object of attack with a vigorous satire. Keats attempted no reprisals, which only shows that the two men were of different temperaments: if he had really been killed by the review it would have been impossible not to feel contempt for him. I have known authors of great repute who would never be persuaded to read an adverse criticism, and others who were most solicitous to do so, though they knew it would give them great annoyance. They are like a man who is told he has a pimple somewhere, and though he was absolutely ignorant of its existence, and knows it will begin to itch if he scratches it, at once begins to scratch it. But even with the most thin-skinned of them, the irritation has not lasted beyond the week. That it might produce a "rupture" with their critic is quite possible, but surely not in their lungs. The usual experience in such matters, with both poets and prose writers, is similar to that of a short-lived fever. For the first day or two they are bent on murder (never on suicide), but on the seventh day (in a proper Sabbatarian spirit) they forgive their enemy, as not being answerable for his actions. The wiser method (unhappily impossible with most of us) is to recognise that fact at first.

A Transatlantic writer, in denouncing the practice of authors revealing the methods by which they work, is "shocked to find that Tennyson makes it a constant practice to employ the services of a rhyming dictionary." He would probably be still more shocked if he knew that Byron—apparently the most impetuous and extempore of poets—did the like. This unnecessary indignation probably arises from the popular idea that all great poems are "inspired," and from the disinclination to believe that genius can be "an infinite capacity for taking pains." The notion that poems are "thrown off," like fragments of diseased bone, by help of nature only is a very common one, but not correct. Even three-volume novels are supposed to be written *currente calamo*, from the first page to the last;

and, indeed, unfortunately they very often are so. Dickens has described this process, as it is understood by the public, with his usual felicity. The novelist is to them "a radiant personage who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn sieve and lightly shakes a bushel of it out in an odd hour after breakfast. It would amaze them beyond measure to be told that such elements as patience, study and consideration, correction and recorection of the blotted manuscript are necessary to what they read so lightly." Surely, even when a man tells a good story *à la voce* he is careful (if he knows how to tell it) to keep the point for the conclusion, and to avoid unnecessary digressions, into which inspiration (in the form of natural suggestion) would otherwise infallibly lead him; and how much more should this be done when he is *writing* his story? If you take any one of our great authors, it will be found that his earlier works are marred by his not having as yet learned the lesson of taking pains, and by trusting to so-called "inspiration." Compare "Waverley," for example, with "Rob Roy," or "Nicholas Nickleby" with "Martin Chuzzlewit." With poets, no doubt, this is less true. The rush of thought is more impetuous; but even with them the idea comes more readily than the rhyme. Then "Walker" becomes useful. A genuine poet, writing of this difficulty, points out how, though the idea often suggests the rhyme, the rhyme very seldom suggests the idea. One of the rare instances he quotes, and very happily, is from Milton—

The cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin.

One is beginning to think that cruelty, the wickedest lust that degrades man or woman, is no longer looked upon among us as a crime at all. In Ireland not a single one of the constantly recurring cases of mutilation of cattle, the leaving a poor dumb animal in unspeakable torture because its master is unpopular, has yet been brought home to the perpetrator. The whole district, though the wretch is perfectly well known, holds its cowardly tongue. The trial of a woman only second in infamy to Mother Brownrigg, and in some respects worse, because she was a real mother, and the mother of her victim, results in her getting twelve months' imprisonment—less than she would get for stealing a watch—and her confederate goes scot free. Even her prosecutors have nothing worse to say of her than that she seems to have been actuated by a mistaken view of maternal authority, or even of "religion." In Mother Brownrigg's trial we were at least spared blasphemy of this sort.

In Mr. Labouchere's "Pillory"—an institution of great merit—one half of the "shocking examples" consists of magistrates as hard and as wooden as the bench from which they take their name, who punish the torturers of children with a fine not so heavy as they inflict for the snaring of a hare. It is no longer the dark places of the earth that are full of the habitations of cruelty; they stand side by side with the church and the chapel and the Board school. There are many crimes in America which seem to be committed with impunity, but, to its honour be it recorded, not this crime. The indignation of the community is there so great a terror to such evil-doers that it prevents the wrong which the law in this country fails to punish.

The very remarkable circumstance, commented upon in these columns several weeks ago, of four hands being dealt out at whist, each with a complete suit in it, at Boston, U.S., has now, it seems, recurred at Brighton. By mathematical calculation it ought not to have recurred within fourteen millions of years or so. At all events, a lunar month is not a sufficient interim of time to elapse between the phenomena. What one objects to, however, is not so much the time as the place. Brighton is too near London, almost within the meridian of Pall Mall, where everybody plays whist and this occurrence never happens. By what is called in Parliament "a general consensus of opinion," and in the Foreign Office "in accordance with the comity of nations," it has heretofore been limited to foreign parts. It is, perhaps, worth while to add that a practical joker can easily pack the cards to effect this miracle, and all the subsequent cutting in the world does not alter it.

So much is written—and very properly written—about authors' grievances, that it is generally supposed that publishers have none. This is not quite the case, as will be seen from the following communication, an anonymous one and without address. The writer says, however, "even publishers have their wrongs," from which it does not require a Sherlock Holmes to deduce the fact that his letter was certainly not written by an author, and probably emanated from Paternoster Row. The particular wrong to which he draws attention is the habit (he affirms) some authors have of getting a bid for their manuscript from one publisher and then disclosing its amount to another, with the object of getting him to go "one more." My correspondent has no objection, of course, to a man's selling his wares to the highest bidder. He may take his manuscript to fifty publishers, if he pleases, and accept the largest offer; but he has no right to say

"Order and Bearer" (a first-rate firm) "have offered me a hundred pounds for this; will you give more?" This is taking a mean advantage, and trading not on his own merits, but upon the reputation for sagacity which Messrs. Order and Bearer have acquired. "If they will give that money," says the other publisher, "it must be a likely book, and I shall be tolerably safe in offering a hundred guineas." This seems almost self-evident, yet my correspondent assures me that the practice is a common one, and, if so, the sooner it is discontinued the better.

As the Cinderella dance is to a ball, so are the "phantom parties" of New Orleans to a masquerade. The disguise is of the simplest kind: sheets—winding-sheets—and pillow-cases, with holes cut in them for the eyes and mouth. How housekeepers are persuaded to suffer this outrage to be committed upon their family linen is a mystery that is not explained to us. The fact is, however, that the heads of families do not altogether disapprove of this amusement, because it admits of edification. Before the party starts from home, a sagacious parent will sometimes make his (or, more frequently, her) mark upon that one of his sheeted offspring who stands most in need of a little "talking to," and afterwards drop the words of wisdom and reproach into the unsuspecting ear. A young lady may be deaf to maternal criticism, and yet sensitive enough to the remarks of the apparent stranger, who "evidently knows something about her." It is said that the result is most wholesome—like an education in the Palace of Truth, without its objectionable personalities. There is no washing of the family linen in public, but the same effect is produced by means of the perforated pillow-case.

Mr. Aubin's experiment on "pressure" should, in these days, when our politicians show such readiness to be "squeezed," be exceptionally interesting. Their limpness is rebuked by the limpet, that resists a pressure of fifty-four pounds to every square inch before it quits its hold on the rock—a lesson of principle which one fears will be thrown away on those who only regard the matter in the light of self-interest. It is true that this scientific discovery may be looked upon in another way: the tenacity of the little creature is exhibited when he has his shell on, and may therefore be likened to the obstinacy with which a politician clings to office. The cockle of the Mediterranean cannot be opened till a force equal to more than two thousand times the weight of its body is exerted. Under these circumstances we wonder how mussels come to be so cheap in the market. Their capture strikes one as a great waste of force, and, like the learning of the alphabet, that it is hardly worth while to go through so much to acquire so little. The oyster, indeed, requires more than 1300 times the weight of its own (shell-less) body to get it open, but then it is worth any amount of trouble. The only thing I object to in the statement of this scientific gentleman is his mention of the fact that "a Chinaman was drowned at Santa Cruz by getting his fingers held by one of these little creatures till the tide came up and drowned him." This story, as I have a particular reason to know, is copyright, and, long before the date assigned to this gentleman's decease, was told in a certain work of fiction of a crab under a stone.

Some people complain that the accounts of the Indian Mutiny bore them; that the thing is past and gone, and they have had enough of it; and yet they are interested, or affect to be so, in the events of Greek or Roman history. As if there was any record which for courage, endurance, self-sacrifice, and all the qualities which make the romance of war and redeem it from its wickedness, to be compared with that struggle of a handful of heroes against a nation of fanatics! How they fought for their wives and little ones, what they suffered, what they went through, and, in the end, came out of it all, victorious, has been told of no other race under heaven. To those who can think and those who can feel, to all, indeed, save that miserable minority of us who take no pride in the country they belong to, and whose highest pleasure is to belittle it, the men who put down the Indian Mutiny, and inch by inch recovered a nearly lost empire, stand for all that is best and bravest in our military annals. Their story will never fade while England lasts. One of its noblest episodes, which needed no poet to heighten its heroism, though it has found one, was the siege of Lucknow. It has been described again and again, yet the just-published account of it by Lady Inglis, the widow of the gallant soldier who defended that distant and isolated post for so many weary weeks, reads as freshly and vividly as ever. It has no great pretensions to literary merit, but the very form it takes, that of a diary, is most suitable to it. There is no necessity for word-painting, because the subject itself is picturesque and romantic to the highest degree. The dramatic interest of its reality is beyond all strokes of art. Moreover, it is a lesson, not unneeded, to those young persons in whom the canker of a long peace has eaten its way, and who are apt to undervalue the deeds of their fathers in days of such distress and danger as they never knew and are wholly unable to picture.

"NOTHING IN THE PAPERS."

All of us should mark with the whitest of white stones that wonderful day in the year when suddenly the sun shines out with a mysterious warmth, and we feel, by means of a delightful tingle or glow, that winter has really passed, and that awakening spring is with us once again. Many a time and oft I have searched for and felt the message of spring crossing over Barnes Common to see the rival crews practise at Putney, for, somehow or other, the blues of the Universities always seem to match with the delicate greens and faint yellows of early leaf and flower time. I remember to have met it years ago on my journey for the first time to Rome to see the Easter ceremonies in the days when Pius IX. was King as well as Pope and the current coin was stamped with his effigy. We had landed from the Marseilles steamer at Civita Vecchia, and we basked delighted against a hot sunny wall about which green lizards darted. Last year, where did I first greet the maiden spring? Ah! I remember—it was on the "almost island" that faces Costebelle, the little paradise of greenery that has so fascinated her Majesty. February was scarcely over, but we—and what a merry party we were!—had arranged an amateur picnic in a warm corner outside a tiny wood facing a bay of deep-blue sea. And this year where was I when the spring came with its eternal message of eternal life? Do you know that lovely walk, by lake and stream and waterfall, that takes you from the gates of Lord Ripon's park at Studley Royal, near Ripon, to the incomparable majesty and speechless solitude of Fountains Abbey? It was close upon four o'clock on the first lovely day of the year. There was not a soul to disturb the reverie. And there, on a warm bank among violets that scented the air and primroses just peeping above the ground, I looked for the first time on the chancel and the fallen altars of the grandest ruin in the world, and, in the sight of the majesty of decay, was told of the immortality of nature.

As it is Easter time again, it may not be out of place to say a word about that visit in years gone by to the Eternal City. To me it is a memorable occasion for more than one reason, but especially for this, that I was in Rome on the very last Easter day on which the Pope blessed the city and the world from the balcony outside St. Peter's, above the western doors, facing the Grand Piazza. No such dramatic moment as that, I venture to say, has ever been seen or felt by the most experienced sightseer in the world. The picturesque peasantry from the Campagna, in their gayest dresses, pilgrims from every country in the world, officers and chamberlains and bodyguards resplendent in uniform, cardinals in their rose-pink robes, priests in their surplices, the Swiss Guard in their "I Zingari" uniform designed by Michael Angelo, crowded on a glorious Easter morning on this tremendous stage. At last the silver trumpets blew, and there fell upon this glittering mass an awful and unearthly silence. Veritably it was a silence that was actually felt. High above our heads on the balcony facing this little world stood the venerable Pontiff, clad in dazzling white, the sun illumining his pale face and silver hair. And then, with uplifted hand, and with a voice so clear that it fell like a musical bell across the Piazza, the Pope of Rome gave his blessing to the faithful there in the everlasting city and throughout the world. That blessing has never since been given outside St. Peter's, but it is a memory that can never die!

So far as my own experience goes, I have always had an idea that the Continental "train of luxury" is a little over-rated as to its much vaunted convenience and comfort. But then, perhaps, luck has never attended me between London and Paris. I have found the passengers vastly in excess of table accommodation, a scrimmage and a squash which one seldom finds even at a race meeting, and the necessity of two badly served dinners instead of one. On the whole, a corner of a first class carriage with a luncheon basket or the well-known "gobble" at Amiens buffet is more worth the money than the dining-car with twice as many people as can find seats conveniently. Once on a time, however, I had an ideal journey in a train of luxury. It was ten years ago, and I was travelling with an old friend between Paris and Turin, on our way to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. We expected, as usual, to be packed like herrings in a barrel; and we watched the clock anxiously to see how many passengers would turn up before the train started. Judge of our surprise when at last the signal for departure was given and the grinning conductor informed us that we two were the only passengers that night all the way from Paris to Turin. That was indeed luxury. We had a bed-room and dressing-room apiece, we had a dining-room, a drawing-room, and a smoking-room all to ourselves, and we rigged up a gymnasium on which to exercise ourselves in the morning in the narrow passage outside the cubicle doors. But do not let it be forgotten that we have our trains of luxury at home, which are not at all to be despised. I found one the other day on the excellent Midland system travelling north, and I do not remember to have enjoyed a swifter or more delightful trip. At the car door the civil conductor was waiting with the wine list to see what brand I would select so that he might order it at the St. Pancras buffet. My traps were stowed away in a jiffy, and before I had half got through my pile of newspapers—I wonder if anyone buys more papers at a station than a journalist—there was placed before me a chop and potato, as well cooked as it could be at the club, a dish of early asparagus, and a cheese omelette to follow that was unexceptionable. Then came coffee time, snoozing time, and a soothing cigar, and, as the little children say, before I could say "Jack Robinson" the excellent Midland train stopped, and, lo and behold! the cheery Yorkshire accent fell on my astonished ears—I was at Leeds!

The Easter excursion programme is enough to tantalise the poor creatures who can take no holiday this year.

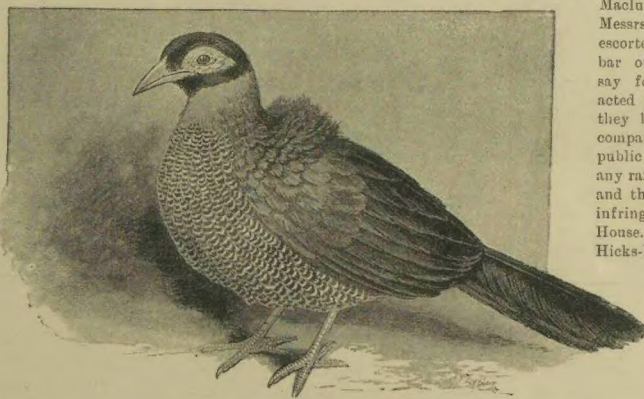
Seeing, as they must see, how easy it is to arrive in a few hours at the Parisian Champs Elysées, the gay streets and boulevards of Brussels, the flower fields of Holland, the churches and antiquities of Antwerp, or the primrose paths of Lorna Doone-land and delightful Dove Dale, they will have to take a leaf out of the book of our little friend the Marchioness, and "make believe" a good deal in solitary London with the aid of a healthy imagination and the railway time-tables. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald once described for us a really phenomenal journey that he took in France and Belgium in a given number of hours. I really think he only slept out one night, and he has many rivals in the art of squeezing out a holiday as far as it can go at Easter-tide. But suppose you have no holidays at all at Easter—positively no holidays—not even one day? Well, supposing you are not a leader-writer or a dramatic critic, the presumption is that you will have Easter Sunday to yourself. Few people who have not tried it are aware what a wonderful trip can be taken between breakfast and dinner on any given Sunday in fine weather, and with a chance of a smooth sea. You can cross the Channel from Dover or Folkestone by the early boat, lunch at Sterne's Hotel at Calais, or in the delightful Pier Restaurant in Boulogne, and be back at Charing Cross in time for dinner at the club. If that is not variety and a change, I don't know what is. These have been notes of travel this week, but they are in season, for everyone is on the wing, rushing here and there to enjoy the sun.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE RADIATED FRUIT CUCKOO.

The Zoological Society of London has added to its collection of birds in the Regent's Park Gardens a specimen of the "Carpococcyx Radiata," from Sumatra, which eats fruit and dwells on the ground, being, in its habits and appearance, very like a gallinaceous fowl, and unlike our common British cuckoo. Other novelties, especially among the reptiles, have



THE RADIATED FRUIT CUCKOO AT THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.

recently been introduced; and the fine weather has drawn large numbers of visitors, before Easter, to this interesting place of public resort.

THE PARLIAMENTARY STEEPLECHASE.

The Parliamentary Steeplechase at Kington on Saturday, April 9, was, apart from the death of Captain Middleton, which marred the close of the meeting, a very successful affair, and the race itself was very strongly and even brilliantly contested. There were twelve competitors, who were divided into two classes, one carrying fourteen stone and upwards and the other twelve. The field was made up as follows—Heavy-Weights: Mr. Victor Cavendish's Etwahl, Mr. Weston Jarvis's Bullace, Mr. W. Logan's Signal, Mr. Walter Long's Crusader, and Mr. P. A. Muntz's Duchess. Light-Weights: Mr. Bromley-Davenport's Dynamite, Sir Savile Crossley's Chaff, Mr. Hermon-Hodge's Lady Evelyn, Mr. Leon's Tell Tale, Mr. F. Mildmay's Discretion, and Mr. R. Yerburgh's Haphazard. All the horses were ridden by their owners. The course was a good one, with no ploughed fields, with some high hedges fronting ditches that took some riding to jump. Mr. Bromley-Davenport and Mr. Weston Jarvis came to grief over the second fence, and then Mr. Long forged rapidly ahead, with Mr. Logan in chase. The pace was very hot—as it turned out, too hot to last. Mr. Leon was thrown on a hard road, and out his face, and, after other mishaps, there began an exciting race home. Mr. Long, on his good horse Crusader, was first over the last fence, but in the straight run he was passed by Mr. Mildmay, who rode Discretion with excellent judgment throughout. Mr. Hermon-Hodge was third, and Mr. Logan, who lost ground through mistaking the limit of the course, came in strongly as fourth.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS.

The competitive feats of the two rival Universities on Friday, April 8, at the grounds of the Queen's Club, West Kensington, were as interesting to amateurs of athletic exercises on dry ground as the more popularly renowned boat-race on the river. The most notable performance was that of Mr. C. B. Fry, of Wadham College, Oxford, in his long jump, 23 ft. 5 in., which is said to have beaten the record of jumps in Great Britain and Ireland. He also jumped 22 ft. 6½ in., 22 ft. 0½ in., and 21 ft. 8 in.; while Mr. H. M. Taber, of Keble College, did 21 ft. 7 in., and two of the Cambridge men exceeded 20 ft. The high jump contest was won by Mr. H. Le Fleming, of

Clare College, Cambridge, at 5 ft. 9½ in., an inch above Mr. E. D. Swanwick, of University College, Oxford. In the foot-racing, Mr. W. E. Lutyens, of Sidney Sussex, Cambridge, won the mile race, time 4 min. 24.3 sec.; the 100-yards race was won by Mr. A. Ramsbotham, of Exeter College, Oxford; the quarter-mile by Mr. C. J. B. Monypenny, of Jesus College, Cambridge; and the hurdle race by Mr. H. Le Fleming, of Cambridge. In "putting the weight" to the greatest distance, Messrs. White and Miller, of New College, Oxford, far surpassed the Cambridge men; but Mr. H. A. Cooper, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, outdid all others in throwing the hammer. Reckoning all the events together, Cambridge achieved one victory more than Oxford in these trials of agility and strength.

AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In taking judicial cognisance of any offence against its own constitutional authority or dignity—"breach of privilege" is a very inadequate expression—the action of the House of Commons is always highly impressive, and should command the ready sympathy of public opinion. Our political liberties could not long be secure without this power of "admonishing," "reprimanding," and in extreme cases sending to prison, offenders against the collective rights and powers of that assembly, from the highest to the lowest rank of the Queen's subjects. It must be regarded as a serious offence "directly or indirectly to deter or hinder any witness from giving evidence to a committee of the House." The Select Committee, of which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is Chairman, on Railway Servants' Hours of Labour, reported to the House that four directors of the Cambrian Railway Company—namely, Mr. J. W. Maclure, M.P. for the Stretford Division of Lancashire, Mr. J. F. Buckley, Mr. W. B. Hawkins, and Mr. John Conacher—had committed that offence. They had censured and dismissed one of the company's servants, Mr. John Hood, a station-master, "mainly in consequence of the evidence given by him before the Select Committee." Now, this will not do. The House, therefore, on Tuesday, April 5, ordered those four gentlemen to attend on the following Thursday to answer the charge against them. They did appear, Mr. Maclure in his place as a member, and Messrs. Buckley, Hawkins, and Conacher, escorted by the Serjeant-at-Arms, at the bar of the House. What they had to say for themselves was that they had acted in the discharge of their duties, as they believed, as trustees for the railway company, and in the general interest of the public; that they never intended to deter any railway servant from giving evidence, and they regretted having unintentionally infringed the rules and privileges of the House. This was accepted by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chairman of the Select Committee, as a complete apology.

He thereupon moved that the Speaker should "admonish" those gentlemen, but hours were needlessly wasted in desultory talk about the case and in urging that John Hood should be reinstated, which the House of Commons has no power to order. The

honourable members who are sorry for Hood are now, very properly, starting a voluntary subscription to compensate him for the injury that he has suffered, as he might not be able to seek his remedy in a legal suit for wrongful dismissal. His wages as station-master were £80 a year, and he was allowed a house worth £15 a year; he had been in the company's service twenty or thirty years. This man, being summoned as a witness before the Parliamentary Committee, was obliged to testify that the company had, in certain instances, kept signal-men at work thirty-six hours at a stretch, and that one worked regularly from half-past five in the morning until ten at night. Hood was then, at a month's notice, discharged from his employment. We hope the public will do something for him.

A READING FROM HOMER.

When, a few years ago, this picture was first exhibited, it at once took its place among the most successful of Mr. Alma Tadema's classic works. The pose of the figures had, perhaps, been equalled, and the consummate skill with which marble, bronze, ivory, and fur were painted had been already displayed in other pictures of similar character. On this occasion, however, the artist had gone a step farther, and had caught with admirable insight the possibilities of ancient Greek life. The story which the picture told was simple, and might have happened any day in the palmy days of Greek learning. The man who sits with the papyrus unrolled before him has been a traveller in the lands beyond the seas, where Greek influence had been dominant for centuries, and had left behind it traces which the lovers of the new learning were anxious to collect. He has found among the distant islands of the Ægean, or perhaps among the mountain temples of Lycia and Phrygia, remnants of an old tale of Greek prowess of which the story is strangely interwoven with the personal actions of the gods and goddesses of Olympus. All this is told in stirring verses of an almost forgotten metre, which rings more sonorously than the clipped iambs of more modern times. It tells of love and war, of hatreds and friendships, and stirs women as well as men in a way which classic playwrights of the day fail to do. Such is the moment in the life of the Greek nation which Mr. Alma Tadema has depicted with a knowledge not less profound than his power of transferring it to canvas, and it is almost as much to his inspiration as to his art that we pay tribute by our appreciation of "A Reading from Homer."



Photo by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

THE FINISH AT MORTLAKE: TAKEN AT PISTOL-FIRE.



AFTER THE FINISH: DEAD BEAT.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The most ancient waterman at Putney could find no fault with the weather on April 9, the day for the Inter-Varsity Boat-Race. Almost from the dawn the great throngs of al fresco showmen, with the hordes of gamins, up at daybreak to answer the roll-call of pleasure, prophesied that it would be a day to remember—a day to become historic in the annals of aquatics, and these were disappointed in nothing. With the fuller power of the sun came a sweeping May-morn wind, eddying the little breakers under the arches of Putney Bridge, rolling them over and over the mud flats of the Surrey shore, folding the flags on the Thames, Leander, and London boat-houses into a hundred shapes, playing a merry game with the first of the swift flood. And as the hours slowly passed, and the promise which the dewy haze of the dawn had given became the performance, it was manifest to the aquatic encyclopædia, standing under the shadow of the great Thames boat-house, that even under the letter "p" or the page "past" he would find nothing to surpass that which was shortly to be recorded. From eight o'clock, every minute brought its quota to the fray. The shouts of the hoary-headed deceivers of youth, anxious to present costly luxuries for a mere song, began to resound over the water. Launches with their grime shamed beneath a coat of tar, with their bunting looking really bright in the flood of sunlight, passed by in numbers to the Ship or the Limes. Great barges, which had just discharged their quantum of bricks or coal, leered under the load of smart youths endeavouring to master the mysteries of concertinas. It was the best phase of a scene often described, yet rarely to be witnessed as it was witnessed on Saturday—a great demonstration, progressing to its zenith when ten o'clock came; and from Putney to the bend the Surrey shore was alive with humanity; and the tideway bore on the swift flood every form and colour and shape of craft which is known to the Thameside. Nor was the mock pageantry of the spectacle lacking, for the motley was worn in a gondola from Venice yonder, and the touts of commerce out their capers in hired launches, thrusting the notice of their wares under the noses of the pilgrims, and regretting in nothing their obvious intrusion.

The crews were up early, of course. Even before half-past nine a stout bevy of constables made way for the "Rough" of the Dark Blues to be pushed off the London hard; and shortly after the Cambridge Eight came out for the five minutes' experimental travel to see if slides and oars were as they should be. But, all being right, the men got into their sweaters and blazers again, and little was seen of them until the hour before the race. Long ere this it had been very evident that the flood would be a fast one, and that the beneficent breeze would neither mar nor greatly help the demolition of record. The water showed an amiability all-surprising under the really fresh east wind. The sun became almost trying in power as eleven o'clock passed, and the whole picture of the reach from the bridge to the bend was such as one looks for in the South rather than in a land of tantalising meteorological vagary and eternal humidity.

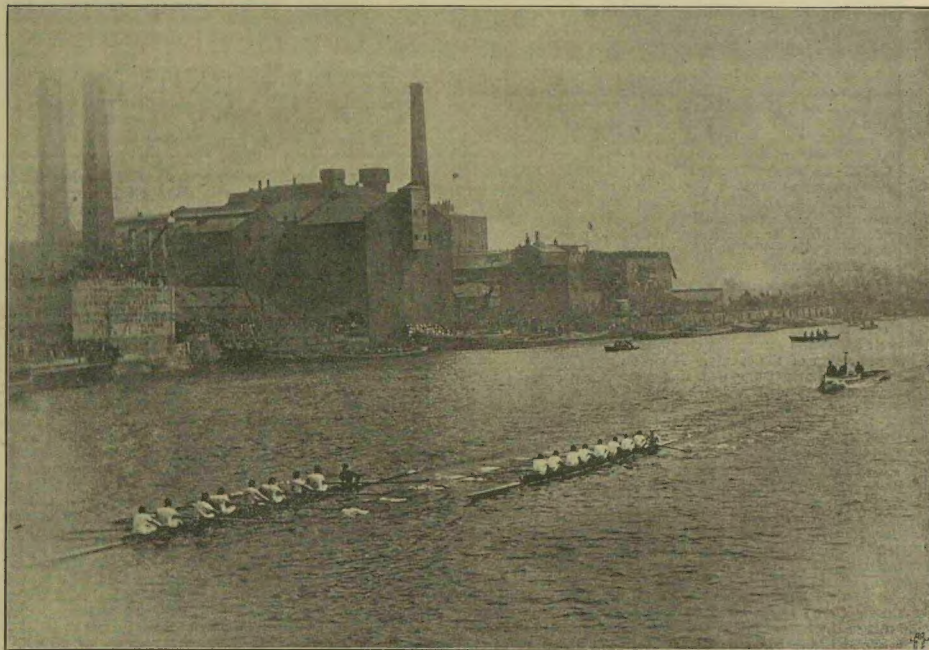


Photo by Messrs. Stearn, Cambridge.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' BOAT-RACE: SCENE AT HAMMERSMITH.

Even brighter were the conditions at midday, when the last of the flotilla, grimed, respectable, and even gaudy molecules making the mass, had passed towards Hammersmith, and the well-laden steamers stood hissing by Putney pier. The enthusiasm, ever hushed at such a moment, amongst a crowd nigh as nervously anxious as the pale-faced "fresher" who declares from his boots that he never felt jollier, was all lacking when the Light Blues got out their "Clasper" and put off to their wherry. The cheer was the cheer of Dotheboys Hall when the Dark Blues followed; but it was no lack of good-will. The crowd was hushed because it wanted to lose nothing of the start, and the silence was so great that those on the bank declare they heard Mr. Willan's stentorian "Are you ready?" and the lusty negative from a lax and unexcitable Cantab. Be that as it may, the start was certainly delayed a moment, and in that moment the Oxford Eight poached all-valuable feet. As they

slipped from their wherry at a stroke of thirty-nine—forty for the first half-minute—they had half their canvas before their rivals, and there was a dash and length about their rowing contrasting markedly with that of the Light Blues. The oldest critics on the Cambridge boat could not then suppress the muttered lament and painful pessimism. One look told them that Elin had cast logic to the winds, and was at his old fault again. "Six" and "seven" never had a chance for the first mile; "five" floundered in his painful efforts to get a finish; the bow oars, with a calm appreciation of circumstances, rowed as long as stroke would let them, and trusted the rest to sheer strength. The result was evident before the Thames boat-house was reached. Inch by inch, length defeated strength; even at the slower stroke of thirty-four, whereat the Cantabs did so well in practice, Elin could not give his heavy-weights a chance at the finish, Pitman,



From an Instantaneous Photograph.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITIES' ATHLETIC SPORTS: THE RECORD LONG JUMP, 23 FT. 5 IN., BY C. B. FRY, WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.

on the other hand, was rowing with a freedom and a form worthy of his brother and of Oxford tradition. Fletcher and Rowe were backing him up in a way that reminded one of Buck and Brown; Cotton at bow, who was to have laid down the oar at the Crab Tree, rowed with a vigour delightful to see. So did Oxford shoot the mile-post in 4 min. 1 sec., leading evidently, but still more evidently having the race at their mercy. The plucky spurt made by the Cambridge stroke off Rose Bank elicited shouts of Light-Blue approval, but deceived no expert. For some dozen strokes alone did he let his men finish it out cleanly; then came the rush and the "bucket," and as the crews got straight for Hammersmith Oxford were leading by a good half-length, and made the Suspension Bridge in the record time of 7 min. 23 sec. Little good was it that the station served Cambridge by the Oil Mills, and that Elin quickened again and again with a pluck worthy of all praise. Those ten minutes had undone all that Mr. Muttelbury had done by three weeks' hard coaching. The "clip" and the "bucket" had demoralised the Light Blues beyond redemption. Two or three ugly rolls and a fountain of back-water told the tale more clearly than any field-glass analysis, and when Oxford reached Chiswick Church in 11 min. 40 sec., a length and a half ahead, all was truly over. From this point the winners did but paddle in, their opponents struggling on under that most fateful conviction, no sign of the enemy. It was on the plainest suzerainty that the Dark Blue win was not of five lengths rather than of two and a half; and their record time for this race—19 min. 21 sec.—although much due to the flood and to the peace upon the waters, stamps the excellence of the crew and the speed of the race. The better men won undeniably, but it would have been a greater race, a race to have been remembered, if the Light Blues had not been demoralised from the start, and had their stroke only done in the contest as he had lately done in practice. Both crews rowed with the greatest pluck, and the plausible excuse that the Cantabs were overtrained was sheer nonsense, for their defeat was in the main due to the simple fact that they met better men, and altogether failed to do themselves justice.

It should be recorded that the attendance on the river-bank, on the hosetops, and upon the midway surpassed any that has been remembered by this generation; and that the hosts of the Lyric Club at Barnes, much comforted by martial music and luncheon, enjoyed themselves at St. Ann's as they have rarely enjoyed themselves in their history. So, too, at Ranelagh did society gird itself to al fresco delights, and find enthusiasm for pony-racing when that for the "blues" had been forgotten.

M. P.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LEITRIM.

The Earl of Leitrim died at his residence, Portman Square, on April 5. The late peer (Robert Bermingham Clements), Viscount and Baron Leitrim of Manor Hamilton, Ireland, and Baron Clements, was born in 1847, succeeded his uncle as fourth earl in 1878, and married, in 1873, Lady Winifred Coke, fifth daughter of the second Earl of Leicester, by whom he had two sons and five daughters. He is succeeded in the peerage by Viscount Clements, who was born in 1879.

SIR FRANCIS KNOWLES, BART.

The particulars given in our last issue were incorrect.

Sir Francis Charles Knowles, M.A., F.R.S., third baronet, of Lovell Hill, Berks, died on March 19 at 50, York Street, Portman Square, W., in his ninetieth year. The deceased baronet was eldest son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Henry Knowles, G.C.B., second baronet. Sir Francis Knowles married, on May 26, 1831, Emma, fourth daughter of Sir George Pocock, first baronet, by whom he had issue an only son, Charles George Frederick, a Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy, born March 14, 1832, and who now succeeds to the baronetcy. Sir Francis Knowles was buried in the cemetery of St. Nicholas, Guildford, Surrey, on March 25; and under the vaults of that church repose the remains of the first two baronets.

The British and French Governments have mutually agreed to renew, for the present year, the *modus vivendi* temporary arrangement of 1890 for the regulation of lobster-catching on the shores of Newfoundland.

The Presidential election in the Argentine Republic is appointed for June 12, when Dr. Luis Saenz Peña will be the candidate supported by the existing Government, under Dr. Pellegrini, and by the "National" party at Buenos Ayres.

A sad accident in boating occurred in Boston harbour (America) on Sunday, April 10. Ten boys of the farm school on Thompson's Island, with their instructor, were returning from the city; their boat capsized, and all but two were drowned.

Visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral have for some years past regretted the unsatisfactory position, in a small side chapel, assigned to the grand monument of the Duke of Wellington, the work of a sculptor, the late Mr. Alfred Stevens, whose genius and intense devotion to his task should have won better treatment. It is now proposed, by a letter from Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, to remove this monument to a more suitable place in the cathedral, and to complete the original design with an equestrian statue. A subscription fund has been opened. The Dean and Chapter approve.

A correspondence between Colonel Howard Vincent and Mr. J. W. Lowther, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, reveals a singular trait in the British manufacturer. Colonel Vincent complained that British Consuls abroad did not give sufficient attention to British trade. Mr. Lowther explained that when British trade languished this was often due to the strange apathy of the trader. In support of this proposition the Under-Secretary cited the instance of a manufacturer of cloth who was recommended by her Majesty's representative at Sofia to apply for the contract for clothing the Bulgarian Army. The answer of the manufacturer was certainly curious. He said the Bulgarians wore green uniforms, and his cloth was blue or grey. If Bulgaria would have the taste to dress her troops in one of those colours, he would be happy to take the contract, but not otherwise. This is the sort of insular independence which helps our foreign competitors.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

It is stated to be her Majesty's intention to hold both the Drawing-Rooms in person in May next. As these are fixed for the 16th and 18th of that month, her Majesty will remain from the 15th to the 19th in residence at Buckingham Palace.

The Duchess of Edinburgh will not return to England before the end of June, owing to the serious illness of her son, Prince Alfred of Edinburgh. The young Prince continues to improve, but very slowly. The Duchess will accompany him at an early date to Coburg to recruit his health, and will remain with him until he is thoroughly well.

The Empress Frederick, accompanied by her daughter Princess Margaret, left Berlin on April 11 for Bonn. The Emperor William was at the railway station on her Majesty's departure.

Mr. Goschen made his annual financial statement in the House of Commons on Monday, April 11. The right hon. gentleman said he was able to submit a surplus of £1,067,000, which was mainly due to the moderation of the spending departments, and not, in any great extent, to the expansion of the revenue. None of the great sources of revenue showed any considerable excess over the estimates. The Budget estimate of the expenditure last year was £90,264,000, whereas the actual expenditure was £89,928,000, showing a saving of £336,000. Tobacco and not spirits had saved the expenditure this year, the receipts being £418,000 more than the revenue of the previous year. Tea also showed an increase, the estimate having been £3,400,000, and the actual receipts being £3,434,000, two-and-a-half per cent. of the increase being due to a bonk-like increase in the consumption. This advance in tea and tobacco indicated, he thought, a widely diffused prosperity, and he was afraid that little robins were becoming taxpayers with regard to tobacco at far too early an age. The present duty paid on tobacco was nearly £600,000 higher than the highest point reached before the tax was lowered a few years ago. As to alcohol, it furnished about £30,000,000 out of the revenue of £90,000,000, but there had not this year been that general rush to alcohol that had characterised previous years. Forecasting the future expenditure and revenue he estimated the former at £90,253,000 and the latter at £90,477,000, leaving a surplus of £224,000. The smallness of the surplus prevented him from making any remission of taxation, but he proposed to reduce the fees for the renewal of patents, which would involve a loss this year of £25,000. To meet the wishes of the wine importers, he proposed to substitute a duty of two shillings on sparkling wines all round for the present duty of two shillings and sixpence a gallon on such wines above the value of thirty shillings, and of a shilling on wines below that value. He anticipated a falling off in the income tax and in the death duties and also in the consumption of beer and spirits. After some general remarks from Mr. Gladstone, a resolution agreeing to the alteration of the duty on sparkling wines was adopted.

Unless all the omens are false, we shall have the General Election soon after Whitsuntide, or, at all events, before the end of July. Preparations on both sides are going on apace. At the Conservative headquarters some self-sacrificing officials are said to be sitting up all night. The argument for a speedy dissolution is that Ministers will abandon the Irish Local Government Bill, and that they will carry the Small Holdings Bill, the Budget resolutions, and one or two minor measures before the end of June at farthest. As nothing then will remain to be done, they will go to the country.

Whether this calculation be accurate or not, the Parliamentary atmosphere is full of electioneering. Sir Walter Foster's resolution in favour of shortening the duration of Parliament would have been academic at any other time, but it was discussed with tremendous earnestness. Sir Walter did not say how long he wanted a Parliament to last, and Mr. Balfour argued with much force against a triennial House of Commons. If Parliament ever has the leisure to repeal the Septennial Act, it will probably substitute a Quinquennial Act, which, in actual operation, would make the average existence of Parliament about four years.

But this speculation is remote from practical contingencies. The House of Commons is eagerly watching for opportunities to sound defiant blasts on the electioneering trumpet. Its impetuous Radicals it seemed that a favourable moment for this musical exercise had come with the debate on a grave question of privilege. The directors of the Cambrian Railway had dismissed a station-master named Hood on account of the evidences he gave before a Parliamentary Committee. If witnesses in such a case cannot be protected from injury, where is the boasted majesty of the House of Commons? The directors appeared at the bar and apologised, and the Chairman of the Committee, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, proposed that they should be admonished by the Speaker and told to go their ways. The Radicals wanted them to be fined or imprisoned, to be forced either to reinstate Hood or compensate him. Mr. Gladstone pointed out that any such procedure would land the House in an untenable and undignified position, and eventually the Speaker administered the proposed admonition, which, for some mysterious reason, was carefully distinguished from a reprimand.

The moral of this curious incident is that, despite its enormous authority, the House of Commons has really no power to protect its witnesses from intimidation. Had the Cambrian directors been called upon to reinstate or compensate their dismissed servant, they would have treated the mandate with indifference. The only practical suggestion which has been made is that Parliament should pass an Act empowering the election judges to try cases in which Parliamentary witnesses have suffered injury, and inflict a whole-some penalty on the offenders. If this be not done, no servant of a corporation will unbosom himself to a Committee.

Excessive liveliness cannot be charged to the debates on the Small Holdings Bill, but they have produced one notable incident. Mr. Chamberlain, who is in favour of the principle of compulsion, gave his reasons for not desiring to see that principle in Mr. Chaplin's Bill, whereupon Mr. Gladstone fell on the Liberal Unionist chief with a sarcastic energy which threw the Opposition into transports of joy. As a gladiatorial show, nothing like this has been seen in the House for a long time, and it was enjoyed by all parties with unstinted relish. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the situation is the general spirit of good humour, which is mainly due to Mr. Gladstone himself. Even the debate on Irish evictions caused no violent outbreak, and Mr. William O'Brien was comparatively mild and persuasive.

The Parliamentary Committee on the Shop Hours Bill has received some significant evidence. It is proposed to limit the hours for female assistants in shops to twenty-four a week. One witness testified from her own experience that in some parts of London the shopwomen have to work ninety hours. They have a very short time for meals, and are not allowed to

sit behind the counter even when there are no customers. The health of the witness broke down, and she was warned by her doctor that if she did not give up her employment she would have St. Vitus's dance. It is plain that the health of a large number of women must be imperilled by the conditions of their work, and there is no practical reason why the principle of the Factory Acts should not be applied to shops.

St. John's Wood is still offering a vehement opposition to the proposal to establish a great railway-station and coal-yard in its aesthetic midst. The artists, who say it will ruin their work, are reinforced by the clergy. It would not be easy to surmise the ground of the clerical objection to the railway, which, at first sight, does not seem hostile to religion. Canon Duckworth explains that it will injure fashionable churches by driving away their wealthiest supporters. The coal-dust, says Mr. Alma Tadema, will destroy art; and the trains, according to Canon Duckworth, will run down the pew-tenets. If these are not reasons enough against the detested project, what is the use of talking to a Select Committee?

The University-Boat Race, which was expected to be one of the most exciting struggles on the Thames, proved an easy victory for Oxford. The result was never for a moment in doubt. Prophecy favoured the Cambridge crew, who had the best of the betting, but early in the race it was evident that they were totally overmatched. Oxford won by two lengths and a half, but they might have made it four or six lengths, for they were rowing at the end with perfect ease and vigour. The race was the quickest on record—nineteen minutes and twenty-one seconds.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has made a more practical objection to the licensing of stage plays at music-halls than some of the arguments of his brother managers. He says the growth of music-halls means a great extension of the liquor traffic. He might have added that it also means an enormous increase of risk to life and property. It is rather incongruous for the County Council to make a commotion about the dangerous construction of some theatres when every man who visits a music-hall has full license to smoke. By making any change in the law which will increase the popularity of places of entertainment where smoking and drinking are practically unlimited, Parliament will scarcely consult the best interests of the public.

At the annual dinner of the Institute of Naval Architects, Lord George Hamilton made an important announcement with regard to the future of naval construction. He said the great object now was to build battle-ships which should have not only formidable powers of attack but also a high rate of speed. They were to be thoroughly seaworthy, and to have "the power of rapid motion to far distances." It is a little curious that this should be treated as an important discovery in naval policy. The simple-minded taxpayer may say, "What have we been paying all these millions for if the Admiralty has only just found out that battle-ships ought to have great speed and to stand a heavy sea without sinking?" This is one of those administrative puzzles which will never be explained.

The panic in Paris caused by the Anarchists has subsided, but outrages continue to be reported from different parts of France. At Angers some dynamite was placed on a window-sill at the police station, and had the room been occupied the explosion must have cost some lives. In Spain rigorous measures are being taken against the Anarchists, and many have been expelled.

Count von Caprivi is taking a holiday, and rumour is busy with the suggestion that this is a prelude to his retirement from the Chancellorship. That idea is not countenanced by the foreign correspondents, but there is no doubt that the extraordinary procedure over the Prussian School Bill has given a rude shock to the reputation of everybody who had a hand in it.

The Prussian Diet has passed the Bill which removes the sequestration of the King of Hanover's property, and Count Münster is reputed to have extolled the magnanimous conduct of the Prussian Ministry. It is a little odd that Count Münster or some other member of the Diet did not inquire what had become of the money left by the King of Hanover to his consort and his daughters. This part of the fund has been spent, but to return the Duke of Cumberland's share without making any restitution to his mother and sisters, so far from being magnanimous, is mean and shabby to the last degree. There is a strong suspicion that Prince Bismarck used the fortunes of these ladies for his reptile journals; but whatever became of the money it ought to be refunded.

The Sultan has been amusing himself with a little game in Egypt. It turns out that the delay of the firman was due to the nature of that document, which makes impossible pretensions to the direction of Egyptian affairs, and even to the definition of a frontier. The firman is, of course, so much waste paper, and the Sultan's claims must be politely set aside. It may be entertaining to a monarch with an Oriental supply of leisure to behave in this fashion, but when the joke is over he looks a little ridiculous.

Russia has no love for foreigners. The Russian Minister of the Interior has a scheme for preventing foreigners from purchasing land except outside the towns, and then only on condition that the purchasers become naturalised Russian subjects within three years. After that they will be forced, no doubt, to embrace the religion of the Orthodox Church, which does so much for the Christian virtues in the Muscovite Empire. As a rule, foreigners cannot have any burning desire to become landed proprietors in Russia, in spite of the charms which Mr. Harry de Windt discovered in the bureaucracy of Madame de Novikov's native country during the few weeks he was the credulous guest of officials who must have laughed up their sleeves.

An extraordinary story comes from Bucharest about the impending abdication of King Charles of Roumania. That monarch is said to be so depressed by the political struggles in his kingdom that he proposes to hand over the responsibilities of rule to his son. This statement is made on apparently credible authority, but it can scarcely command belief. Abdication under such conditions would be a fatal blow to the Roumanian dynasty. Such a confession of failure and lack of courage by the father would have a disastrous effect on the prospects of the son. Moreover, this turn of events would be utilised to the full by Russian diplomacy.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has taken a remarkable step. He has issued a proclamation explaining to his subjects the motives of his friendship with the Indian Government and his distrust of Russia. This document is distinguished by a frankness which will be scarcely relished at St. Petersburg. The Ameer says the object of Russian policy is the conquest of India, and this involves the destruction of the Afghans. They would be made prisoners by the invaders, and placed in the forefront of the battle to be shot by the English. This definition of the "buffer" policy may be rude, but it is extremely explicit to the Afghan mind.

X.

PERSONAL.

In the late Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce, whose death was mentioned last week, Newcastle-upon-Tyne has lost an esteemed citizen, at a venerable age, while students of British archaeology have, during forty years past, been indebted to him for some of the most valuable contributions to knowledge on their favourite topics of research. He was born in 1805, and educated for the English Presbyterian ministry, but succeeded his father in the conduct of a large private school. Nearly half a century ago, devoting much of his attention to the marvellous relics of Roman antiquity between the Tyne and the Solway, he communicated his discoveries to the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society, and they were afterwards published in his books. The Great Wall of Hadrian or Severus—both Emperors, probably, put a hand to its construction—was indeed a stupendous work of fortification, extending seventy-five miles across the country, with permanent stations, which were regularly built military towns, at intervals of four or five miles, with towers, a mile apart, and intervening guard-houses or sentry-turrets, all of durable masonry, and constantly garrisoned by an army of 25,000 or 30,000 soldiers. This part of Britain was at the northern extremity of the Roman Empire. Let any sceptic take Dr. Collingwood Bruce's "Hand-book" or "Wallet-book," or Mr. H. Irwin Jenkinson's "Practical Guide," to survey the remains of the wall from Borcovieus, near Hexham, westward by Housesteads (the Roman Bercovicus), near Haltwhistle, and on to Birdswald, in Cumberland; or let him inspect the collection of monumental sculptures and inscriptions described in the "Lapidarium Septentrionale."

THE LATE REV. DR. J. COLLINGWOOD BRUCE.

Mr. Goschen's interesting, though not exciting, Budget had the rather bad compliment paid it of being witnessed by the smallest House of Commons that ever listened to a Chancellor on his night of nights. No part of the benches was crowded, and when Mr. Goschen had let out his little secret—and it was a very little one—the majority of his audience noisily, and rather rudely, trooped out. The Chancellor's voice does not easily stand a lengthened speech of two hours, but it could not be said that it was dull. Its review of the progress of national expenditure, and of the drinking habits of the people, though it hardly approached Mr. Gladstone's old excursions into the regions of ethical finance, was deeply interesting, and earned a cordial word of praise from Mr. Goschen's old master. On the whole, the Chancellor struck a rather pessimistic note. Income tax was likely to fall off, so were debt duties, and so again was the revenue from beer and British spirits. Tea, on the other hand, is rapidly rising, with the incidental effect of having elbowed coffee out of the British market, and the same could be prophesied of tobacco.

Mr. Goschen's comparison of the drinking habits of the people in 1891 and 1841 threw a very interesting light on the change and progress of taste. We are drinking rather more spirits than we did, the amount per head in 1891 being eight pints a year as against seven and a half in 1841. But the substantial increase is in non-alcoholic drinks. Thus we are consuming one hundred ounces of tea and coffee where, fifty years ago, we only consumed thirty-seven ounces. Tea has completely outmarched coffee. Fifty years ago the consumption of the two beverages was nearly equal; now we take over seven times more tea than coffee. As to the future, Mr. Goschen suggested an interesting fact as to the chief sources from which the income-tax gatherer is likely to get his richest laurels. These are from professional men, whose earnings are beginning to overtop the returns from capital.

Meanwhile, the prevailing topic concerning Mr. Goschen's Budget is whether it has been framed for dissolution purposes. On the face of it, it seems as if that were the last thing that Mr. Goschen could have had in his mind, and the notion is therefore that it will play no part in the coming election, which is likely to come a little later than has been anticipated. On the other hand, there is still a strong set of opinion in favour of a dissolution immediately after Whitsuntide, or, at the latest, in the early part of July.

The House of Commons has been greatly interested and amused to watch the curious and almost exact personal likeness between Mr. Chamberlain and his son, Austen, who has just joined his father. The two members look alike, walk alike, dress alike, their features are alike. They are also inseparable, and when they grace the precincts of the House together they look more like brothers than father and son, especially as the former looks younger and the latter older than his age. Mr. Chamberlain wears a frock coat, so does Mr. Austen; Mr. Chamberlain sports an eye-glass, so does his son; Mr. Chamberlain's trousers are lightish in hue, so are his son's; Mr. Chamberlain smokes a rather large cigar, so does the younger man. The two men's gait is strikingly similar; they invariably walk with their arms affectionately linked, and they suggest a pair of twin brothers rather than a father fairly advanced in years and a son not very far removed from his Varsity career.

Mr. Lewis T. Dibdin, who has lately been so prominent in the discussion upon the Clergy Discipline Bill, is something more than a specialist upon questions of ecclesiastical law. It is true that he is chancellor of three dioceses—those of Durham, Rochester, and Exeter; that he is one of the most conspicuous members both of the Canterbury House of Laymen and of the London Diocesan Conference; that he is a frequent speaker at the Church Congress; and that there are few ecclesiastical cases of any moment in which he is not engaged. He is conjectured to have had much to do with suggesting the divergencies of the present Clergy Discipline Bill from its unfortunate predecessor, and, under the thin disguise of "L.T.D.," he has for some weeks been carrying on in the columns of the *Record* an animated controversy with the E.C.U. and the *Church Times*. But Mr. Dibdin is even better

known at the Chancery Bar than in the Arches Court. He is believed to have been the author of more than one hotly discussed article in the *Quarterly*; and he is to be seen where antiquaries meet in converse. Mr. Dibdin is a son of the late Rev. R. W. Dibdin, who once drew so distinguished a congregation around him at West Street Proprietary Chapel. He is an M.A. of Cambridge, and has been honoured by Durham with the degree of D.C.L.

The little band of contributors to "Lux Mundi" is thinning fast. The gentle and saintly Ambrey Moore died soon after the publication of the book, and now Mr. W. J. H. Campion is gone—he, too, while still quite young. Mr. Campion was an exhibitor of University, and in undergraduate days was a very "all round man." He took double honours in "Mods," and a second in classical "Greats." Like many others he did not at once enter holy orders, but first spent five years as a master at Bradfield. Ordained in 1880, he worked for two years as a curate at Chichester, and then went back to Oxford as tutor of Keble. His "Lux Mundi" essay dealt with "Christianity and Politics." He was but forty-one at the time of his sudden death.

The death is announced, at Putney, of Mr. Alexander Glen Finlaison, formerly Actuary to the Government. Mr. Finlaison was born in London in 1806, his father being Mr. John Finlaison, a distinguished actuary and political economist. Mr. A. G. Finlaison was most widely known as the author of two well-known reports and collections of tables, which were published in 1853 and 1854, upon the rates of sickness and mortality experienced by the members of friendly societies, and which subsequently formed the basis upon which, many of the most stable of these institutions have carried on a successful career.

The Rev. William Peete Musgrave, the senior canon residentiary of Hereford, died suddenly on April 11, at the age of eighty. Canon Musgrave was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was ordained to the curacy of Trumpington in 1837. In 1841 he became vicar of Eaton Bishop, Herefordshire, and three years later a canon of Hereford Cathedral. Between 1854 and 1878 he held a rectory in Yorkshire, and in 1877 he was appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Hereford to the Wardenship of St. Catherine's Hospital, Ledbury.

The death of James Goater, at Newmarket, removes one of the oldest of English jockeys. He began to ride in 1850, and his first winning mount of importance was when he rode Joe Miller for the Chester Cup of 1852, beating forty-two opponents and carrying only 4 st. 10 lb. After this he was employed by the late Lord Portsmouth and Mr. Henry Savile, for the latter of whom he won the first Grand Prix de Paris, riding The Ranger, who beat Lord Clifden and other horses really better than himself. Although he won the St. Leger in 1876, riding Pstarch, the colt formerly trained by his uncle, most of his subsequent successes of note were won in the colours of Count de Lagrange, for whom he rode Chamant in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1877, Bayon d'Or in the St. Leger of 1879, Ponlet in the Lincolnshire Handicap of 1882, and Insulaire, Zut, Albion, and Dandin in the French Derby. He also won many other valuable races in France, and he possessed many of the qualities which go to make up a successful jockey.

It is one-and-forty years since Sir Algernon West, the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, who has just retired, entered the public service as a clerk in the Inland Revenue Department. Sir Algernon is the third son of the late Mr. Martin John West, who was Recorder of Lynn, and his mother was a Walpole, a daughter of the second Earl of Orford. Sir Algernon, who was educated at Eton and Christ Church, has been in his time private secretary to Sir Charles Wood (afterwards Lord Halifax), to the Duke of Somerset when First Lord of the Admiralty, to Lord Ripon at the India Office, and to Mr. Gladstone when First Lord of the Treasury. He has filled the post of Deputy Director of Indian Military Funds, and has been a Commissioner of the Board of Inland Revenue, of which he was afterwards Deputy Chairman and Chairman.

Mr. J. A. Froude, the newly appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, is a Devonshire man, and for the greater part of the year the historian lives in a charming house in South Devon, which overlooks the sea at the mouth of the river Salcombe. The gardens are both lovely and extensive, and almost Italian in their colouring; for Salcombe is the warmest spot on the mild south-west coast, and myrtles, American aloes, and corn, oranges, and lemons bloom openly in this delightful district. To yacht and fish are among the brilliant writer's chief amusements, for the long days with his gun have of late been discarded. The ancient towns of Modbury (which in the time of Edward I. sent members to Parliament) and Kingsbridge are within a few miles of Mr. Froude's residence, and hard by is Dodbrooke, where the witty Dr. Wolcott ("Peter Pindar") was born. Mr. Froude's two daughters live with him, and are exceedingly popular in the neighbourhood.

The accouchement of the German Empress is expected to take place in June, at the Neue Palais, Potsdam. The usual prayers for her Majesty's safety have already commenced in the Lutheran churches throughout Prussia. The Emperor and Empress now have a family of six sons.

The latest member of the French Academy is Pierre Loti (Loti is Japanese for violets), who, under his real name



PIERRE LOTI (LIEUTENANT JULIEN VIAUD).

of M. Julien Viaud, is a very seaman-like officer in the French Navy. Pierre Loti, the leader of the French exotic school, was introduced by M. Renan and M. Sully Prudhomme, and the basis of his speech among "the Immortals" who received him on April 7 was a eulogy of Octave Feuillet and a vigorous and rather unsparring onslaught on the realist school of fiction in general, and on M. Zola in particular. Loti, who is not himself the most scrupulous of writers,

denounced the men who, "abusing their gifts, had studied with microscopic care the flakes of mud to be found in large and corrupt cities." Pierre Loti's own work, brilliant, sensitive, and impressionist as it is, is, of course, on entirely different lines to that of the naturalist school. M. Zola replied to Loti's criticisms in a friendly spirit, and the young Academician (he is only forty-two) answered in a friendly letter. Loti's best works are "Mon Frère Yves," "Pêcheurs d'Islande," and "Madame Chrysanthe." He belongs to an old Huguenot family, and his long voyages in the East have deeply coloured his charming style and his literary methods and aims.

There are but few men of his standing in the Colonial service who have had so varied an experience as Sir Francis Fleming, the newly appointed Governor of Sierra Leone, who is shortly to take up his duties there. Sir Francis has proved himself a most trustworthy and capable official in Mauritius, Jamaica, Barbados, and St. Lucia. In 1880 he was at the Cape, in the following year at British Guiana. In 1883 he was Queen's Advocate at Ceylon, and later Attorney-General and Chief Justice in that island. He returned to Mauritius as Colonial Secretary in 1886, remaining there for two years, and in 1889 he became Colonial Secretary at Hong Kong. Sir Francis has recently married a niece of Bishop Clifford, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, who is also uncle of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh.

Ideal impressionist weather cheered every heart the other afternoon when the New English Art Club admitted its acquaintances and admirers to an extremely full "Private" view of the present exhibition at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly. Nature had pitched her aspect in its highest key—the bluest of skies, the broadest of sunshine were the order of the day, and there was no lack of dainty gowns and bright flower-like bonnets to keep her in countenance. No lack, either, of pretty faces, as the tide of pleased, well-dressed humanity ebbed and flowed, swelled and diminished, only to gather again throughout the long spring afternoon. Mr. Francis Bate, the secretary of the society, received his numerous guests with unfagging kindness and urbanity. Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., was present, and Mr. Phil R. Morris, A.R.A., remained a considerable time, conversing but little, and manifesting the liveliest interest in the pictures, of which the vivid portrait study by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, attracted as much attention as any. Mr. and Mrs. Rider Haggard and Mrs. Ashton Dilke came early in the afternoon, as did Mr. Cotton, the editor of the *Academy*. Literature was further represented by Mr. Sidney Colvin and Mr. George Moore.

There is no foundation for the report which has been widely circulated that the Duke of Devonshire contemplated selling Devonshire House.

A sad accident occurred in the Midland Sportsmen's Race at Kington, on April 9, to Captain Middleton, a famous cross-country steeplechase rider, with a brilliant record behind him. The accident was closely parallel to that which proved fatal to Whyte Melville, the novelist. Captain Middleton's bay horse Night Line crossed his legs in getting over an open field, and threw his rider violently. His neck was broken, and he never stirred from where he lay. The race meeting was broken up, and the body taken to the house of Lord Willoughby de Broke.



THE LATE CAPTAIN MIDDLETON.

broken up, and the body taken to the house of Lord Willoughby de Broke.

Captain, or, as he was curiously called, "Bay" Middleton was one of the best known sportsmen of his day. He was a very fine gentleman rider, and, though he was never especially lucky in winning great races, he had twenty-six winning mounts in 1880. He was chosen to pilot the Empress of Austria across country when she came over for the hunting season in 1878 and 1879, and was altogether a dashing and very plucky rider. He was also a very fair cricketer. Ten years ago he married Miss Baird, of Rosemount.

Mr. Gladstone was one of the most eager and industrious readers at the British Museum on three or four days of last week, says the *World*. In the intervals of his Parliamentary labours, his Folkestone preparations, and a few dinner-parties, he is busily preparing for his reappearance before the University of Oxford in the autumn, as the first lecturer on the newly founded Romanes Trust. The occasion is wholly non-political, and General Election permitting, promises to be one of the highest interest. The subject is "Universities in the Middle Ages," and the eminent lecturer is, I understand, in particular preparing an elaborate comparison between those of Paris and Oxford.

Clearly the public is not yet tired of "L'Enfant Prodigieux." That clever play without words was reproduced at the Criterion Theatre on April 11, several alterations having been made in the cast of last year. Mdlle. Jane May being superseded in the rôle of Pierrot jun. by Mdlle. Charlotte Raynard; Madame Schmidt by Madame Pierrot, by Madame E. Bado; and M. Louis Gouget, by M. Enrico as Le Baron. The part of Pierrot senior was once more in the hands of M. Courtès, who created it at the original production of the piece at the Bouffes Parisiens in June 1890.

At the Strand Theatre was produced on April 11 a very fantastic comedy entitled "Niobe, All Smiles," by Messrs. Harry and Edward Paulton. It is the old story of a statue coming to life, but Niobe's amusing vagaries are, nevertheless, likely to keep the town applauding for many a week to come.

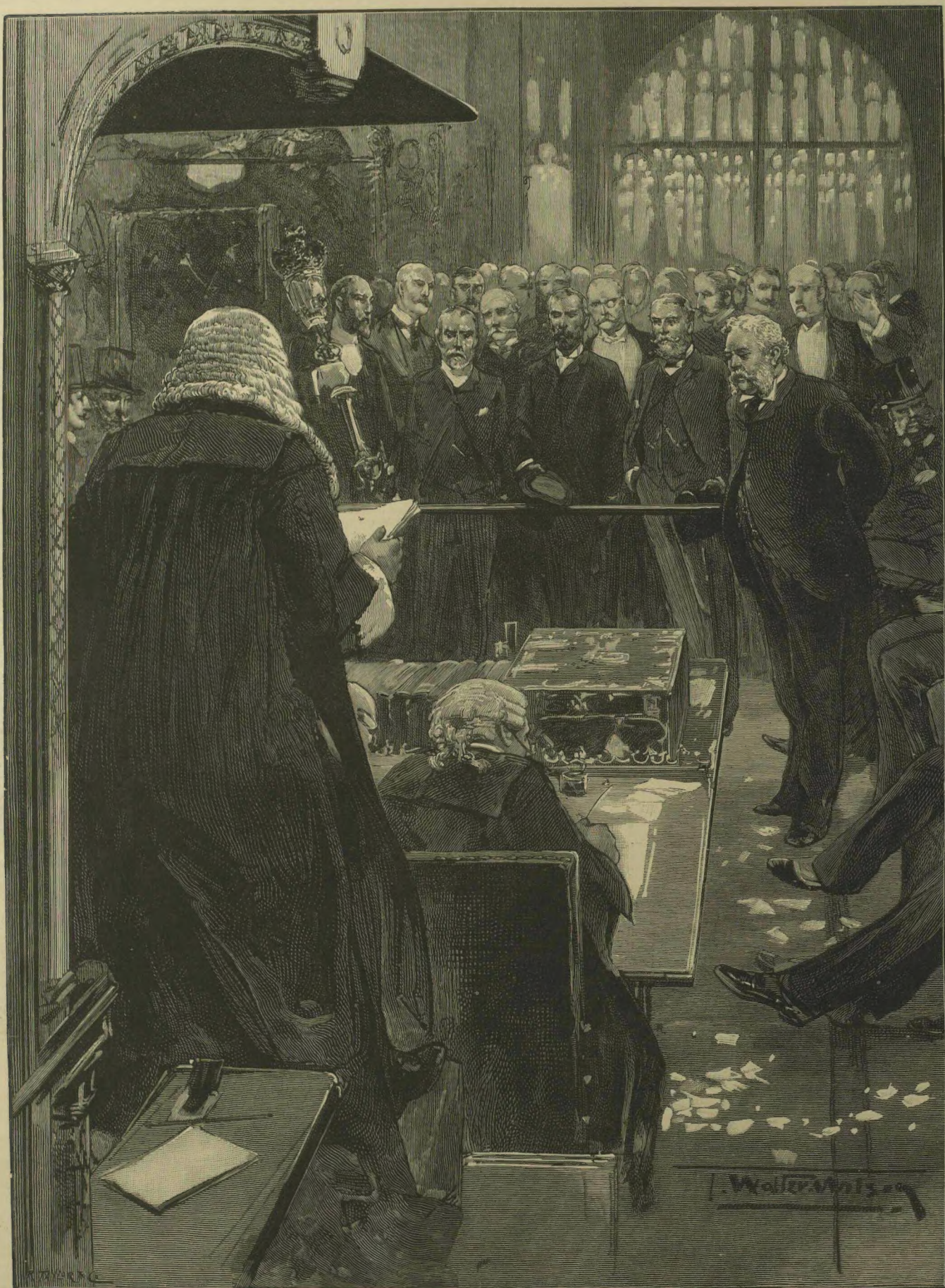
OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of the late Dr. Collingwood Bruce is from a photograph by Mr. P. M. Laws, 38, Blackett Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; that of the late Captain Middleton, by Messrs. Robinson and Sons, of Dublin; and that of Mr. Skipsey, by Mr. D. J. McNeill, of Stratford-on-Avon.

THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS. MR. CONACHER.

MR. BUCKLEY.

MR. HAWKINS. MR. MACLURE, M.P.



THE QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.—AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: THE SPEAKER'S ADMONITION.

NADA THE LILY.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MOPOT TELLS HIS TALE.

Now, afterwards, as we went upon our road, Umslopogaas told me all that there was to tell of the slaying of the Halakazi and of the finding of Nada.

When I heard that Nada, my daughter, still lived, I wept for joy, though with Umslopogaas I was torn by doubt and fear, for it was far for an unaided maid to travel from Swaziland to the Ghost Mountain. Yet all this while I said nothing to Umslopogaas of the truth as to his birth, because on the journey there were many around us, and the very trees have ears, and the same wind to which we whispered might whisper to the king. Still, I knew that the hour had now come when I must speak, for it was in my mind to bring it about that Umslopogaas should be proclaimed the son of Chaka, and be made King of the Zulus in the place of Dingaan, his uncle. Yet had all these things gone cross for us, because it was fated so, my father. Had I known that Umslopogaas still lived when I slew Chaka, then methinks that I could have brought it about that he should be king. Or had things fallen out as I planned, and the Lily maid been brought to Dingaan, and Umslopogaas grown great in his sight, then, perhaps, I could have brought it about. But all things had gone cross. The Lily was none other than Nada; and how could Umslopogaas give Nada, whom he thought his sister, and who was my daughter, to Dingaan against her will? Also, because of Nada, Dingaan and Umslopogaas were now at bitter enmity, and for this same cause I was disgraced and a fugitive, and my counsels would no longer be heard in the ear of the king.

So everything must be begun afresh; and as I walked with the impi towards the Ghost Mountain, I thought much and often of the manner in which this might be done. But as yet I said nothing.

Now, at last we were beneath the Ghost Mountain, and looked on the stone face of the old Witch who sits there aloft for ever waiting for the world to die; and that same night we came to the kraal of the People of the Axe, and entered it with a great singing. But Galazi did not enter at that time; he was away to the mountain to call his flock of wolves, and as we passed its foot we heard the welcome that the wolves howled in greeting to him.

Now, as we drew near the kraal, all the women and children came out to meet us, headed by Zinita, head wife of Umslopogaas. They came joyfully, but when they found how many were wanting who a moon before had gone thence to fight, their joy was turned to mourning, and the voice of their weeping went up to heaven.

Umslopogaas greeted Zinita kindly; and yet I thought there was something lacking. At first she spoke to him softly, but when she learned all that had come to pass, her words were not soft, for she reviled me and sang a loud song at Umslopogaas.

"See now, Slaughterer," she said, "see now what has come about because you have listened to this aged fool!"—that was I, my father—"this fool who calls himself 'Mouth'! Ay, a mouth he is, a mouth out of which proceed folly and lies! What did he counsel you to do?—to go up against these Halakazi and win a girl for Dingaan! And what have you done?—you have fallen upon the Halakazi, and doubtless have slain many innocent people with that great axe of yours, also you have left nearly half of the People of the Axe to whiten in the Swazi caves, and in exchange have brought back certain cattle of a small breed, and girls and children that we must nourish!"

"Nor does the matter end here. You went, it seems, to win a girl whom Dingaan desired, yet when you find that girl you let her go, because, indeed, you say she was your sister and would not wed Dingaan. Forsooth, is not the king good enough for this sister of yours? Now, what is the end of the tale? You try to play tricks on the king, because of your sister, and are found out. Then you kill a man before the king and escape, bringing this fool of an aged Mouth with you, that he may teach you his own folly. So you have lost half of your people, and you have gained the king for a foe who shall bring about the death of all of us, and a fool for a counsellor. *Wow!* Slaughterer, keep to your trade and let others find you wit."

Thus she spoke without ceasing, and there was some truth in her words. Zinita had a bitter tongue. I sat silent till she

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had finished, and Umslopogaas also remained silent, though his anger was great, because there was no crack in her talk through which a man might thrust a word.

"Peace, woman!" I said at length, "do not talk ill of those who are wise and who had seen much before you were born."

"Talk no ill of him who is my father," growled Umslopogaas. "Ay! though you do not know it, this Mouth whom you revile is Mopo, my father."

"Then there is a man among the People of the Axe who has a fool for a father. Of all tidings this is the worst."

"There is a man among the People of the Axe who has a jade and a scold for a wife," said Umslopogaas, springing up. "Begone, Zinita!—and know this, that if I hear you speak more such words of him who is my father, you shall go farther than your own hut, for I will put you away and drive you from my kraal. I have suffered you too long."

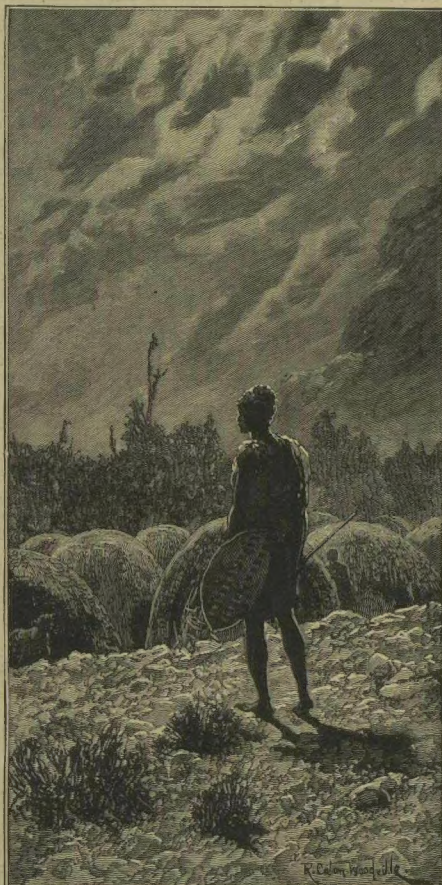
"I go," said Zinita. "Oh! I am well served! I made you chief, and now you threaten to put me away."

"My own hands made me chief," said Umslopogaas, and, springing up, he thrust her from the hut.

the hut. Ah, my father, when you have a secret to tell, be not so easily deceived. It is not enough to look forth and to search round. Dig beneath the floor and search the roof also; then, having done all this, go elsewhere and tell your tale. The woman was right: I was but a fool, for all my wisdom and my white hairs. Had I not been a fool I should have searched out that rat in the thatch before ever I opened lips. For the rat was Zinita, my father—Zinita, who had climbed the hut, and now lay there in the dark, her ear upon the smoke-hole, listening to every word that passed. It was an evil thing to do, and, moreover, the worst of omens, but there is little honour among women when they would learn that which others wish to hide away from them, nor, indeed, do they then weigh omens.

So having searched and found nothing, I spoke to Umslopogaas, my fosterling, not knowing that death in a woman's shape lay on the hut above us. "Hearken," I said, "you are no son of mine, Umslopogaas, though you have called me father from a babe. You spring from a loftier stock, Slaughterer."

"Yet I was well pleased with my fathering, old man," said



Gazing at the huts was a man, tall and slim, holding an assegai in one hand and a little shield in the other.



Zinita had climbed the hut, and now lay there in the dark, her ear upon the smoke-hole, listening to every word that passed.

"It is an ill thing to be wedded to such a woman, my father," he said presently.

"Yes, an ill thing, Umslopogaas, yet these are the burdens that men must bear. Learn wisdom from it, Umslopogaas, and have as little to do with women as may be: at the least, do not love them overmuch, so shall you find the more peace." Thus I spoke, smiling, and would that he had listened to my counsel, for it is the love of women which has brought ruin on Umslopogaas!

All this was many years ago, and but lately I have heard that Umslopogaas is fled into the North, and become a wanderer to his death because of the matter of a woman who betrayed him, making it seem that he had murdered one Lousta, who was his brother, just like Galazi had been. I do not know how it came about, but he was so fierce and strong had this weakness, and it has destroyed him at the last, and for this cause I shall behold him no more.

Now, my father, for a while we sat silent and alone in the hut, and as we sat I thought that I heard a rat stir in the thatch.

Then I spoke. "Umslopogaas, at length the hour has come that I should whisper something into your ear, a word which I have held secret ever since you were born."

"Speak on, my father," he said, wondering.

I crept to the door of the hut and looked out. The night was dark and I could see none about, and could hear none move, yet, being cautious, I walked round

Umslopogaas, "the breed is good enough for me. Say, then, whose son am I?"

Now, I bent forward and whispered to him, yet, alas! not low enough. "You are the son of the Black One who is dead, yes, sprung from the blood of Chaka and of Baleka, my sister."

"I still have some kinship with you then, Mopo, and that I am glad of. *Wow!* who would have guessed that I was the son of that *sikana*, of that hyena man? Perhaps it is for this reason that, like Galazi, I love the company of the wolves, though no love grows in my heart for my father or any of his house."

"You have little cause to love him, Umslopogaas, for he murdered your mother, Baleka, and would have slain you also had it not been for me. But you are the son of Chaka and of no other man."

"Well, his eyes must be keen indeed, my uncle, who can pick his own father out of a crowd. And yet I once heard this tale before, though I had long ago forgotten it."

"From whom did you hear it, Umslopogaas? An hour since, it was known to one alone, the others are dead who knew it. Now it is known to two" (ah! my father, I did not guess of the third); "from whom, then, did you hear it?"

"It was from the dead; at least, Galazi the Wolf heard it from the dead One who sat in the cave on Ghost Mountain, for the dead One told him that a man would come to be his brother

who should be named Umslopogaas Bulalo, son of Chaka, and Galazi told it to me, but I had long forgotten it."

"It seems that there is wisdom in the dead," I answered, "for lo! to-day you are named Umslopogaas Bulalo, and to-day I declare you the son of Chaka. But listen to my tale."

Then I told him all the story from the hour of his birth onwards, and when I spoke of the words of his mother, Baleka, after I had told my dream to her, and of the manner of her death by the command of Chaka, and of the great fashion in which she had died, then, I say, Umslopogaas wept, who, I think, seldom wept before or after. But as my tale grew to its end I saw that he listened ill, as a man listens who has a weightier matter pressing on his heart, and before it was well done he broke in—

"So, Mopo, my uncle, if I am the son of Chaka and Baleka, Nada the Lily is no sister to me."

"Nay, Umslopogaas, she is only your cousin."

"Over near of blood," he said. "Yet that shall not stand between us," and his face grew glad.

I looked at him in question.

"You grow dull, my uncle. This is my meaning: that I will wed Nada if she still lives, for it comes upon me now that I have never loved any woman as I love Nada the Lily," and while he spoke, once more I heard the rat stir in the thatch of the hut.

"Wed her if you will, Umslopogaas," I answered, "yet I think that one Zinita, your *Inkosi*, will find words to say in the matter."

"Zinita is my head wife indeed, but shall she hold me back from taking other wives, after the lawful custom of our people?" he asked angrily, and his anger showed me that he feared the wrath of Zinita.

"The custom is lawful and good," I said, "but it has bred trouble at times. Zinita can have little to say if she continues in her place and you still love her as of old. But enough of her. Nada is not yet at your gates, and perhaps she will never find them. See, Umslopogaas, it is my desire that you should rule in Zululand by right of blood, and though things point otherwise, yet I think a way can be found to bring it about."

"How so?" he asked.

"Thus: Many of the great chiefs who are friends to me hate Dingaan and fear him, and did they know that a son of Chaka lived, and that son the Slaughterer, he would climb to the throne upon their shoulders. Also the soldiers love the name of Chaka, though he dealt cruelly with them, because at least he was brave and generous. But they do not love Dingaan, for his burdens are the burdens of Chaka but his gifts are the gifts of Dingaan; therefore they would welcome Chaka's son if once they know him for certain. But it is here that the necklet chafes, for there is but my word to prove it. Yet I will try it."

"Perhaps it is worth trying and perhaps it is not, my uncle," answered Umslopogaas. "One thing I know: I had rather see Nada at my gates to-night than hear all the chiefs in the land crying 'Hail, O King!'"

"You will live to think otherwise, Umslopogaas; and now this must be done. Spies must be set at the kraal Umgundlovu to give us warning of the mind of the king, lest he send an impi suddenly to eat you up. Perhaps his hands may be too full for that ere long, for those white Amabooza will answer his assegais with bullets. And one more word: let nothing be said of this matter of your birth, least of all to Zinita your wife, or any other woman."

"Fear not, uncle," he answered; "I know how to be silent."

Now, after a while Umslopogaas left me and went to the hut of Zinita, his *Inkosi*, where she lay wrapped in her blankets, and, as it seemed, asleep.

"Greeting, my husband," she said slowly, like one who wakens. "I have dreamed a strange dream of you. I dreamed that you were called a king, and that all the regiments of the Zululand filed past you giving you the royal salute, *Bopile*."

Umslopogaas looked at her wondering, for he did not know if she had learned something or if this was an omen. "Such dreams are dangerous," he said, "or he who dreams them does well to lock them fast till they be forgotten."

"Or fulfilled," said Zinita, and again Umslopogaas looked at her wondering.

Now, after this night I began my work, for I established spies at the kraal of Dingaan, and from them I learned all that passed with the king.

At first he gave orders that an impi should be summoned to eat up the People of the Axe, but afterwards came tidings that the Boers, to the number of five hundred mounted men, were marching on the kraal Umgundlovu. So Dingaan had no impi to spare to send to the Ghost Mountain, and we who were beneath its shadow dwelt there in peace.

This time the Boers were beaten, for Bogozu, the spy, led them into an ambush; but few were killed, and they did but draw back that they might jump the further, and Dingaan knew this. At this time also the English white men of Natal, who attacked Dingaan by the Lower Tugela, were slain by our people, and those with them.

Also, by the help of certain witch-doctors, I filled the land with rumours, prophecies, and dark sayings, and I worked cunningly on the minds of many chiefs that were known to me, sending them messages hardly to be understood, such as should prepare their thoughts for the coming of one who should be declared to them. They listened, but the task was long, for the men dwelt far apart, and some of them were away with the regiments.

So the time went by, till many days had passed since we reached the Ghost Mountain. Umslopogaas had no more words with Zinita, but she always watched him, and he went heavily. For he awaited Nada, and Nada did not come.

But at length Nada came.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE COMING OF NADA.

One night—it was a night of full moon—I sat alone with Umslopogaas in my hut, and we spoke of the matter of our plots: then, when we had finished it, we spoke of Nada the Lily. "Also! my uncle," said Umslopogaas sadly, "we shall never look more on Nada; she is surely dead or in bonds, otherwise she had been here long ago. I have sought far and wide, and can hear no tidings and find nothing."

"All that is hidden is not lost," I answered; yet I myself believed that there was an end of Nada.

Then we were silent a while, and presently, in the silence, a dog barked. We rose, and crept out of the hut to see what it might be that stirred, for the night drew on, and it was needful to be wary, since a dog might bark at the stirring of a leaf, or perhaps it might be the distant footfall of an impi that it heard.

We had not far to look, for standing gazing at the huts, like one who is afraid to call, was a man, tall and slim, holding an assegai in one hand and a little shield in the other. We could not see the face of the man, because the light was behind him, and a ragged blanket hung about his shoulders. Also, he was footsore, for he rested on one leg. Now, we were peering round

the hut, and its shadow hid us, so that the man saw nothing. For a while he stood still, then he spoke to himself, and his voice was strangely soft.

"Here are many huts," said the voice, "now how may I know which is the house of my brother? Perhaps if I call I shall bring soldiers to me, and be forced to play the man before them, and I am weary of that. Well, I will lie here under the fence till morning; it is a softer bed than some I have found, and I am foredone with travel—sleep I must," and the figure sighed and turned so that the light of the moon fell full upon its face.

My father, it was the face of Nada, my daughter, whom I had not seen for so many years, yet across the years I knew it at once; yes, though the bud had become a flower I knew it. The face was weary and worn, but ah! it was beautiful, never before nor since have I seen such beauty, for there was this about the loveliness of my daughter, the Lily: it seemed to flow from within—yes, as light will flow through the thin rind of a gourd, and in that she differed from the other women of our people, who, when they are fair are fair with the flesh alone.

Now, my heart went out to Nada as she stood in the moonlight, one forsaken, not having where to lay her head, Nada, who alone was left alive of all my children. I motioned to Umslopogaas to hide himself in the shadow, and stepped forward.

"Ho!" I said roughly, "who are you, wanderer, and what do you here?"

Now Nada started like a frightened bird, but quickly gathered up her thoughts, and turned upon me in a lordly way.

"Who are you that ask me?" she said, feigning a man's voice.

"One who can use a stick upon thieves and night-prowlers, boy. Come, show your business or be moving. You are not of this people; surely that moocha is of a Swazi make, and here we do not love Swazis."

"Were you not old, I would beat you for your insolence," said Nada, striving to look brave and all the while searching a way to escape. "Also, I have no stick, only a spear, and that is for warriors, not for an old *umfugozan* like you." Ay, my father, I lived to hear my daughter name me an *umfugozan*—a low fellow!

Now, making pretence to be angry, I leaped at her with my kerrie up, and, forgetting her courage, she dropped her spear, and uttered a little scream. But she still held the shield before her face. I seized her by the arm, and struck a blow upon the shield with my kerrie—it would scarcely have crushed a fly, but this brave warrior trembled sorely.

"Where now is your valour, you who name me *umfugozan*?" I said; "you who cry like a maid and whose arm is soft as a maid's."

She made no answer, but hugged her tattered blanket round her, and, shifting my grip from her arm, I seized it and rent it, showing her breast and shoulder; then I let her go, laughing, and said—

"Lo! here is the warrior that would beat an old *umfugozan* for his insolence, a warrior well shaped for war! Now, my pretty maid who wander at night in the garment of a man, what tale have you to tell? Swift with it, lest I drag you to the chief as his prize! The old man seeks a new wife, they tell me!"

Now, when Nada saw that I had discovered her she threw down the shield after the spear, as a thing that was of no more avail, and hung her head sullenly. But when I spoke of dragging her to the chief then she flung herself upon the ground, and clasped my knees, for since I called him old, she thought that this chief could not be Umslopogaas.

"Oh, my father," said the Lily, "oh, my father, have pity on me! Yes, yes! I am a girl, a maid—no wife—and you who are old, you, perchance have daughters such as I, and in their name I ask for pity. My father, I have journeyed far, I have endured many things, to find my way to a kraal where my brother rules, and now it seems that I have come to the wrong kraal. Forgive me that I spoke to you so, my father; it was but a woman's feint, and I was hard pressed to hide my sex, for my father, you know it is ill to be a lonely girl among strange men."

Now, I said no word in answer, for this reason only: that when I heard Nada call me father, not knowing me, and saw her clasp my knees and pray to me in my daughter's name, I, who was childless save for her, went nigh to weeping. But she thought that I did not answer because I was angry and about to drag her to this unknown chief, and prayed the more even with tears.

"My father," she said, "do not this wicked thing by me. Let me go and show me the path that I shall ask, you who are old; you know that I am too fair to be dragged before this chief of yours. Hearken! All I know are slain, I am alone except for this brother whom I seek. Oh! if you betray me may such a fate fall upon your own daughter also! May she also know the day of slavery, and the love that she wills not!" and she ceased, sobbing.

Now I turned my head and spoke towards the hut, "Chief," I said, "your *Ekhosi* is kind to you to-night, for he has given you a maid fair as the Lily of the Halakazi" (here Nada glanced up wildly). "Come, then, and take the girl."

Now, Nada turned to snatch up the assegai from the ground, but whether to kill me, or the chief she feared so much, or herself, I do not know, and as she turned in her woe she called upon the name of Umslopogaas. She found the assegai, and straightened herself again. And lo! there before her stood a mighty chief leaning on an axe; but the old man who threatened her was gone—not very far, in truth, but round the corner of the hut.

Now Nada the Lily looked, then rubbed her eyes, and looked again.

"Surely I dream?" she said at last. "But now I spoke to an old man, and in his place there stands before me the shape of one whom I desire to see."

"I thought, Maiden, that the voice of a certain Nada called upon one Umslopogaas," said he who leaned upon the axe.

"Ay, I called; but where is the old man who treated me so scurvily? Nay, what does it matter?—where he is, there let him stop. At least, you are Umslopogaas, my brother, or should be by your greatness and the axe. To the man I cannot altogether swear in this light; but to the axe I can swear, for once it passed so very near my eyes."

Thus she spoke on, gaining time, and all the while she watched Umslopogaas till she was sure that it was he and no other. Then she made an end of talk, and, flinging herself on him, she kissed him.

"Now I trust that Zinita sleeps sound," murmured Umslopogaas, for suddenly he remembered that Nada was no sister to him, as she deemed.

Nevertheless, he took her by the hand and said, "Enter, sister. Of all maidens in the world you are the most welcome here, for know I thought you dead."

But I, Mopo, ran into the hut before her, and when she entered she found me sitting by the fire.

"Now here, my brother," said Nada, pointing at me with her finger, "here is that old *umfugozan*, that low fellow, who,

unless I dream, but a very little while ago brought shame upon me—ay, my brother, he struck me, a maid, with his kerrie, and that only because I said that I would stab him for his insolence, and he did worse: he swore that he would drag me to some old chief of his to be a gift to him, and this he was about to do, had you not come. Will you suffer these things to go unpunished, my brother?"

Now, Umslopogaas smiled grimly, and I answered—

"What was it that you called me just now, Nada, when you prayed me to protect you? Father, was it not?" and I turned my face towards the blaze of the fire, so that the full light fell upon it.

"Yes, I called you father, old man. It is not strange, for a homeless wanderer must find fathers where she can—and yet! no, it cannot be—so changed—and that white hand? And yet, oh! who are you? Once there was a man named Mopo, and he had a little daughter, and she was called Nada—Oh! my father, my father, I know you now!"

"Ay, Nada, and I knew you from the first; through all your man's wrappings I knew you after these many years."

So the Lily fell upon my neck and sobbed there, and I remember that I also wept.

Now, when she had sobbed her fill of joy, Umslopogaas brought Nada the Lily *masa* to eat and mealie porridge. She ate of the curdled milk, but of the porridge she would not eat, saying that she was too weary.

Then she told us all the tale of her wanderings since she had fled away from the side of Umslopogaas at the stronghold of the Halakazi, and it was long, so long that I will not repeat it, for it is a story by itself. This I will say only: that she was captured by robbers, and for a while passed herself off among them as a youth. But, in the end, they found her out and would have given her as a wife to their chief, only she persuaded them to kill the chief and make her their ruler. They did this because of that medicine of the eyes which Nada had only among women, for as she ruled the Halakazi so she ruled the robbers. But, at the last, they all loved her, and she gave it out that she would wed the strongest. Then some of them fell to fighting, and while they slew each other—for it came about that Nada brought death upon the robbers as on all others—she escaped, for she said that she did not wish to look upon their struggle but would await the upshot in a place apart. After that she had many further adventures, but at length she found an old woman who guided her on her way to the Ghost Mountain. And who this old woman was none could discover, but Galazi swore afterwards that she was the Stone Witch of the mountain, who put on the shape of an old woman to guide Nada to Umslopogaas, to be the sorrow and the joy of the People of the Axe. I know not, yet it seems to me that the old Witch would scarcely have put off her stone for so small a matter.

Now, when Nada had made an end of her tale, Umslopogaas told his, of how things had gone with Dingaan. When he told her how he had given the body of the girl to the king, saying that it was the Lily's stalk, she said that it was well done, and when he told of the slaying of the traitor she clasped her hands, though Nada, whose heart was gentle, did not love to hear of deeds of death. At last he finished, and she was somewhat sad, and said it seemed that her fate followed her, and that now the People of the Axe were in danger at the hands of Dingaan because of her.

"Ah! my brother," she cried, catching Umslopogaas by the hand, "it were better that I should die than that I should bring evil upon you also."

"That would not mend matters, Nada," he answered. "For whether you be dead or alive, the hate of Dingaan is already earned. Also, Nada, know this: I am not your brother."

When the Lily heard these words she uttered a little cry, and, letting fall the hand of Umslopogaas, clasped mine, shrinking up against me.

"What is this tale, father?" she asked. "He who was my twin, he with whom I was bred up, says that he has deceived me these many years, that he is not my brother; who, then, is he, father?"

"He is your cousin, Nada."

"Ah," she answered, "I am glad. It would have grieved me had he whom I loved been shown to be but a stranger in whom I have no part," and she smiled a little in the eyes and at the corners of her mouth. "But tell me this tale also."

So I told her the story of the birth of Umslopogaas, for I trusted her.

"Ah," she said, when I had finished, "ah! you come of a bad stock, Umslopogaas, though it be a kindly one. I shall love you little henceforth, child of the hyena man."

"Then that is ill news," said Umslopogaas, "for know, Nada, I desire now that you should love me more than ever—that you should be my wife and love me as your husband!"

Now the Lily's face grew sad and sweet, and all the hidden mockery went out of her talk—for Nada loved to mock.

"Did you not speak to me on that night in the Halakazi caves, Umslopogaas?—did you not speak to me of one Zinita, who is your wife, and *Inkosi* of the People of the Axe?"

Then the brow of Umslopogaas darkened: "What of Zinita?" he said. "It is true she is my chieftainess; is it not allowed to a man to take more than one wife?"

"So I trust," answered Nada, smiling, "else men would go unward for long, for few maids would take them who then must labour alone all their days. But, Umslopogaas, if there are twenty wives, yet one must be first. Now this has come about hitherto: that wherever I have been it has been thrust upon me to be first, and perhaps it might come about once more—what then, Umslopogaas?"

"Let the fruit ripen before you pluck it, Nada," he answered.

"If you love me and will wed me, it is enough."

"I pray that it may not be more than enough," she said, stretching out her hand to him. "Listen, Umslopogaas: ask of my father, here what were the words I spoke to him many years ago, before I was yet a woman, when, with my mother, Macrophia, I left him to go among the Swazi people. It was after you had been borne away by the lion, Umslopogaas, I told my father that I would wed no man all my life, because I loved only you, who were dead. My father reproached me, saying that I must not speak thus of my brother, but it was my heart that spoke, and it spoke truly; for see, Umslopogaas, you are no brother to me! I have kept that vow. How many men have sought me in wedlock since I became a woman, Umslopogaas? I tell you that they are as the leaves upon a tree. Yet I have given myself to none, and this has been my fortune: that none have sought to constrain me to marriage. Now I have my reward, for he whom I lost is found again, and to him alone I give my love. Yet, Umslopogaas, beware! Little luck has come to those who have loved me in the past; no, not even to those who have but sought to look on me."

"I will bear the risk, Nada," the Slaughterer answered, and gathering her to his great breast he kissed her.

Presently she slipped from his arms and bade him begone, for she was weary and would rest.

So he went.

(To be continued.)

THE POET WATTS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

By the poet Watts we do not, of course, mean Alaric Attila Watts, or anyone else who bears the glorious name, but only the Doctor. Few bards are more truly immortal. The strains of Watts are wedded, so to say, with Nature's own spontaneous harmonies. While dogs delight to bark and bite, while the little busy bee improves the shining hour, while children of one family fall out and scratch and strike, Watts cannot be forgotten. But his "Hymns for Infant Minds" were not his most massive, nor probably his favourite, performances. It is of these that the critical muse would say somewhat, convinced that the longer sweeps of Watts's Pindaric pinion are neglected in an age which admires Rossetti and Browning. Dr. Watts's "Horn Lyrics," his lyric hours, open with a loyal address to her late Majesty Queen Anne. On the appearance of this Princess—

three happy realms appear,
And WILLIAM's urn almost without a tear.

The late Prince of Orange had few, perhaps, to lament above his tomb. As for Queen Anne—

Her beaming wing at once descends and warms
Fainting Religion, while in various forms
Fair Piety shines through the British Isles.

What do these remarks mean? I would willingly offer the reader three guesses, and stake the sum of half-a-crown against the insignificant wager of sixpence that he would not guess right. They mean that Queen Anne tolerated Protestant Dissent. Fair Piety might now shine, under her Majesty's beaming wing, in the various and charming forms of Maggletonianism, United Presbyterianism, and so forth. Turning to politics, Watts remarks in a prophetic spirit—

The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy
Shall scourge rebellion and the rival boy.

A footnote explains that the rival boy is the Pretender, James VIII. The piece ends with a prophecy that on the death of Anne, the glory of Protestant Dissent, some new propitious star shall appear on high to soothe the rude north wind and the rugged bear.

All this came out in 1705, but in 1721 Dr. Watts adds a note in prose explaining that Queen Anne had not come up to his expectations. "Now, the Muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages." Nothing can be more frank and manly than this confession on the part of the Muse, but his previous failure did not deter Dr. Watts from bursting into vaticinatory numbers as soon as a new king was on the throne.

"George is the name, that glorious star!" he cries, with fresh enthusiasm. "Put your money on George; there is no mistake this time," he seems to proclaim, and I fear that if Colonel Henry Esmond's plot had been successful he would have said—

James is the name, that glorious star,
His influence soothes the Russian bear.

Anne had been expected to soothe the rugged bear, now George soothes the Russian bear—in fact, George is to do all that Anne failed to accomplish. There was real loyalty in those days, and Dr. Watts ought to have been Poet Laureate.

Turning to private life, Dr. Watts indites an ode "To John Locke, Esq., Retired from Business"—as a philosopher, one presumes. "Locke bath a soul vast as the sea," he assures us, "calm as the night, bright as the day," and his mind is so great that his ideas have room to "play" in it. The notion of a man whose mind is big enough for his own ideas is probably original, and peculiar to Dr. Watts. Next, the Doctor, intending a poem on Friendship, dedicates it to Mr. William Nokes. Friendship he describes as "a sweet deluding ill," which reads as if Mr. William Nokes had played false with Watts's manly passion for him. In remarks on "The Life of Souls," Dr. Watts mentions the human lungs as "the vital bellows," thereby anticipating the sporting phrase "Bellows to mend." When we are ill, he avers that we drink "rich juleps drawn from precious ore," though how ore can yield a julep it puzzles modern chemistry to explain. To be sure, bichloride of gold is used in America by way of a cure for drunkards; but is a bichloride a julep? Dr. Watts adds that when he goes to Heaven he will be "no stranger to the place," a remark displaying singular confidence. Yet, as he says, "Strict religion is very rare," so he was not likely in "the place" to be incommoded by many neighbours. Nor will he regret this, for he expresses his fixed resolve, from Wisdom's lofty tower, to "survey that wretched thing, Mankind." In Heaven, he tells us, he expects to find Mr. Locke out by the aid of charity, for he has reason to believe that Mr. Locke was no Socinian. If he had been a Socinian, Dr. Watts would not have visited him in Heaven, even supposing that Mr. Locke found his way to the Zion in which the Doctor is so "terribly at home." He admits, however, that Mr. Locke has "debased Christianity" by proving it to be "reasonable." This seems a little hard either on Christianity or on Mr. Locke, or both. There can be no great harm, we hope, in being reasonable. The

Doctor indites a poem on the satisfaction which he enjoyed "in burning several poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c." Alas! who would write an ode on burning Dr. Watts? He is buried, not burned, this queer, conceited divine, who means, when he has time, to pay John Locke a morning call in Paradise, and who gives glorious John to the flames in the name of propriety. The Doctor, in a lucid interval, admits that there are "few happy matches." His own union with the Muse was not felicitous, though very prolific. But he consoles himself by the belief that he had rescued poetry from prodigality, that he had shown how to unite the charms of music with a pure and ardent morality, and, as he went into more editions than all our minor poets put together, Dr. Watts cannot be called an unsuccessful, as he was a perfectly self-satisfied, minstrel.

THE DUFFERIN WOMEN'S HOSPITAL,
OODEYPOOR, INDIA.

On May 23, 1891, the University and Municipal authorities of Oxford joined in a combined act of homage to the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, in recognition of her service to humanity by the institutions she had founded for supplying female medical aid to the women of India. Those who had the pleasure of assisting on that occasion will recall to memory the impressive scene of the reception by the Vice-Chancellor in the Divinity School, and that of the stately procession to the Sheldonian Theatre, with the eloquent addresses there delivered, and the yet more eloquent response, under the same inspiration which had prompted the beneficent idea. General Showers, who was present, has since had an opportunity, in revisiting India and passing through Oodeypoor, in Rajpootana, the capital and seat of his official political residency during the Mutiny, to see what form the Dufferin Hospital has taken, and to observe its actual working. He is much indebted to Dr. Mullen, the able medical officer in supervising charge, and to Mr. Lonergan, the experienced



LADY DUFFERIN'S WOMEN'S HOSPITAL AT OODEYPOOR, INDIA.

resident doctor, in kindly enabling him to do so. Our illustration shows the beautiful Indo-Saracenic structure, which has been erected on the foundation-stone laid by Lady Dufferin, who may well be content with the exterior realisation of her project. The interior arrangement of the wards, dispensary, and offices around an open courtyard, furnished with a perennial water-jet, to be developed into a fountain, is calculated to afford every convenience and comfort. On the wall of the entrance-hall is a marble tablet bearing the following inscription: "The foundation-stone of this hospital, laid by her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin, on Nov. 10, 1885." It is adorned appropriately by an exquisite portrait of the generous founder.

There is a commendable "Possibilist" Labour League among French working-men, waiving all Socialist or Communist projects, which has convened an international conference in Paris, to be held in May, on questions of improving the health conditions of factory and workshop labour, the dwellings of the working classes, and the food of their families. It is hoped that some English working-men will attend.

A Malay insurrection in Pahang, a dependency of the British Straits Settlements, threatens serious trouble. On April 5, two Englishmen, Mr. Harris and Mr. Stewart, both from Australia, in the service of the London Company for mining and cultivating enterprise at Pahang, were treacherously murdered. A chief called the Panglima Mada threatened to attack the seaport town of Pekan. The Governor at Singapore has sent a small force to protect that place.

The coroner's inquest at Melbourne, Australia, has found a verdict of murder against the notorious Deeming, alias Williams, in the case of one of his wives, Emily, formerly Miss Mather, whose dead body was found hidden under the hearthstone in his house at Windsor, a suburb of Melbourne. He is committed for trial there on April 23. The same man is charged with similar atrocious crimes at Rainhill, near Liverpool, where the horrible discovery was made a few weeks ago; in that case another wife and four children lay dead and covered with cement beneath the kitchen floor.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There are a number of remarkably pretty gowns worn on the stage in "Lady Windermere's Fan," at the St. James's. Miss Marion Terry, as the adventurous who is the mother of a girl of twenty, but who "never owns to more than twenty-nine or thirty—twenty-nine if the lamps have pink shades, thirty if they have not"—has a becoming walking dress of mouse-grey corduroy cloth trimmed with steel. It is made polonaise-fashion, the fullness drawn in to the waist in folds, the fastening being down the left side under a broad strap of steel trimming, with "motifs" of steel, including long dangling ends at the shoulder and the waist. A little flat bonnet of jet, with black velvet ribbon bows fixed in position by glittering steel brooches, completes the toilet. Her earlier dress is an evening one, in the scene where a dozen women sweep about in gorgeous robes fit for a State ball. Miss Terry has a white and gold brocade, made plainly, as so rich and stiff a material should be, but with a mass of feathers and lace for the berthe. Lady Windermere's dress "in the same scene is a blue pen-de-soie, with a vest and foot-trimming of beautiful gold embroidery. A very pretty frock for a girl is of white silk with a thick ruche of field daisies round the bottom of the skirt. Lady Windermere's prettiest dress is worn in the last act: it is a chocolate-coloured cloth, with a sleeveless jacket of purple velvet, which is loose at the back and tied in with a narrow waistband. The full sleeves of the pale cloth and the bottom of the skirt are ornamented with large "true lovers' knots" worked on in a darker brown velvet ribbon.

Some very smart frocks went the rounds on the Academicians' Show Sunday, the delightful burst of spring weather encouraging the first appearance of the new garments. Perhaps the smartest, and certainly the largest, gathering was at the charming studio of Mr. Goodall, R.A. His studio is approached by a flight of stairs, the wall on one side of which is closely

covered with engravings of his pictures and with studies of clouds, faces, draperies, and landscapes, showing how, with the infinite patience of genius, the Academician's rare technical skill has been gained. The balustrade on the other side of the stair is topped by a Cairene-work harem screen, which runs up to the ceiling; through this you can peep down as you descend into the gay studio below, though there are no interstices in the screen large enough to put more than a finger through, and you can try to imagine for an instant what life is like to the women who are cooped up within such barricades for ever. Mrs. Goodall received her guests in the drawing-room, in a pretty gown of pale fawn, with long tails to the bodice at the back edged with narrow jet-and-gold passementerie. Lady Monckton came in a handsome costume of biscuit-coloured cloth with a little relief of orange velvet. Mrs. James Edmeston wore a gown in the newest fashion,

of black brocade, made with a long train and with a bodice cut off short at the waist, and tight-fitting to a yoke of pink silk covered with an open passementerie of black silk braid, with large jet stars marking out its pattern at intervals. This yoke was repeated at the back; on the shoulders were large bows of black satin ribbon, of which straps passed along the edge of the yoke to the middle of the shoulders, to merge in another natty bow placed there.

Lady Macalister was at Mr. Phil Morris's studio in a gown of pale tan smooth-faced cloth, the skirt fastening up over the edge of the very short bodice, and concealed by a band of ribbon of a darker tan, of which also the trimmings were composed in the design of a series of straps, pointed to the front, from the under-arm and arm-hole seams; a similar band footed the skirt. Another pretty gown was in grey crépon, with a deep belt-like trimming of bands of green velvet going straight round the figure, from the waist to close under the bust; above, there was a three-cornered vest of green velvet with the grey crépon pleated into the shoulders on either side. A shot cashmere was a novelty; it looked grey in one light, faint apple-green in another, and was made up plainly Princess fashion, with bands of silver open work passementerie simulating an edge to the bodice, and a pointed yoke; a frilled flounce, headed by the same silver galon, finished the skirt.

The Athenæum Club Committee has elected Mr. Erasmus Darwin, F.R.S., Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and Professor H. F. Pelham (Ancient History), of Oxford, as members chosen for merit in science, art, and literature.

In Posen, the Polish province of Prussia, a band of Anarchists have committed an alarming outrage. Four men with blackened faces, in long red robes, on the night of April 7, broke into the house of a priest, Dean von Poninski, demanded money for their conspiracy fund, and, on his refusal, shot him, inflicting dangerous wounds. The ruffians were pursued by horsemen, and shot themselves dead when overtaken. They are recognised as belonging to the Anarchist league.



"SPRING."—BY PAUL HEYDEL.



In a moment or two Miss Bessie appeared before her father. She held in one hand a doll, the other rested confidently upon the broad back of Sambo, the mastiff.

A MINISTERIAL DEFEAT.

BY J. HARWOOD PANTING.

It was a period of great political excitement. Constitution—with a capital C—began to make frequent appearances, as it has a habit of doing at such times, in the public prints; the People rose, in some instances, to the same typographical dignity; references, vague yet emphatic, were made to the Charter; and, while some astute politicians pointed to an age of gold, others, equally astute, pointed to an epoch of despair.

But this excitement, intense though it was—intenser though it promised to be—was trivial compared to that which

reigned in the household of Fairholme, the country seat of Mr. Stradwick, M.P. for Selton. The carefully prepared speech of the honourable member had vanished—gone as by magic—no one knew how, and, after diligent search, none could find whither. It had taken its flight, though without the conditions which would entitle it to the designation of “the flight oratorical.” The manuscript which contained Mr. Stradwick’s golden thoughts had rested serenely on his library table at 11 a.m.; at 12 a.m. not the slightest trace of it could be found. That was perplexing—nay, extremely annoying. The dissemination of a speech is a good thing in its way, but its author is at least entitled to two things—first, to know how it is disseminated; second, where. These essentials had been treated, in this instance, as a matter of no consequence.

But for one circumstance it is impossible to say in what manner this search would have terminated. At 1 a.m. the train started which was to convey Mr. Stradwick to his Parliamentary duties in London. He had risen to the Spartan necessity of making the journey without his speech; but he had a little daughter, Miss Bessie Stradwick, the sole representative of his house, name, and fortune (for he was a widower), to whom it was incumbent upon him as a parent first of all to bid farewell. While he was waiting, Thomas, the page-boy, who had been dispatched with the message to Bessie’s governess, entered in a state of breathless excitement. Mr. Stradwick was pacing up and down the library. The carriage was awaiting outside, ready to convey him to the station.

“Well, where is the child?” he inquired.

The youth was breathless, and could only stammer out, "If you—please—Sir—"

"Ah! I see what it is: you mean to say my child is lost as well?"

"Yes—yes, Sir!"

"Yes!" exclaimed Mr. Stradwick, ringing the bell with great vigour. In answer to its imperative summons in came servants from all directions.

"No, Sir; I didn't mean that," hastily replied the bewildered Buttons.

"Yes, Sir, and no, Sir? What the deuce do you mean? Can any of you get an intelligent answer from this—this youthful candidate for Hanwell?"

The footman, the butler, the housemaid, the cook stared aglance at the boy, who at length jerked out—

"I've found it!"

"Found what?" came the general chorus.

"Master's oration!"

"My speech—you've found it?" eagerly queried Mr. Stradwick. "I beg to withdraw," unconsciously adopting the Parliamentary formula; "you shan't be a candidate for Hanwell. But where is it?"

"Outside, Sir."

"Outside! Why, in the name of wonder, didn't you bring it in then?"

"If you please, Sir, I couldn't."

"Really! I didn't think its arguments made it so weighty as all that. When you have another lucid interval perhaps you'll explain."

"It's over there," said the boy, with a jerk of his head in the direction of the door.

"Over where?"

Thomas's sole response was to march out of the library, followed by his master, the butler, the footman, the housemaid, the cook. Then he mounted the stairs, followed by the same excited contingent, and paused opposite a large open window that overlooked the grounds.

"There it is, Sir!" He pointed to a kite that was mounting higher and higher into the sky.

"My speech there?"

"Yes, Sir."

It was Mr. Stradwick's turn to look bewildered.

"How the deuce did it get there?"

"On the tail," was the laconic response.

Mr. Stradwick gazed in amazement. Lofty periods indeed! Shades of Demosthenes and Cicero! to what was his eloquence aspiring? To the conversion of the gods themselves? To instruct and guide erring humanity was the aim of ordinary rhetoric; much more exalted fate, it seemed, had been reserved for his.

"And who has dared?" Mr. Stradwick turned furiously upon Buttons, but pulled himself up with a jerk. An idea had struck him. "Ah! I understand; it's that mischievous little elf, Bessie, who has done this. Bring her to me—at once!"

Mr. Stradwick had conjectured rightly. It was "that mischievous little elf, Bessie," who had been chiefly responsible for sending her papa's oration on a mission to that Upper House represented by Cloud Land. A playmate of hers was a certain ingenious young gentleman known by the style and title of Master Stanley Horatius Somers. Early that morning he had apprised her of the joyful fact that he had a new kite. Now, kites, as we all know, require tails, and Master Somers, finding the material he possessed not quite adequate to the construction that appendage, had tempted Bessie to an act of petty larceny. She had entered the library, had caught sight of the manuscript upon the table, and had instantly conjectured that it was "just the thing." The resolution was so soon put than carried—*namine contradicente*; and thus it was that Mr. Stradwick's oration appeared in that crowning achievement of a kite—if the phrase may be applied to a terminal—its tail!

In a moment or two Miss Bessie, a fair-haired, sweet-faced girl of seven, appeared before her father. She held in one hand, suspended by its leg, a doll (much battered and disfigured), which enjoyed the distinguished name of Lulu; the other rested confidently upon the broad back of Sambo, the mastiff, who had followed his little mistress into the house as attendant bodyguard.

Thus the culprit appeared before her judge.

In his anger, Mr. Stradwick seized the mute, inexpressive Lulu, and threw it into a corner of the library. Then he sternly rebuked the child, ordering her to her room, and gave strict injunctions to the servants that she was to be kept there a close prisoner for the remainder of the day.

Poor child! Somehow she had never been held in the highest favour by her father. Her birth had caused her mother's death. Not only had she been the harbinger of misfortune—that might have been forgiven—but Mr. Stradwick had wished for a son: for an heir to the name, fame, and estates of the house of Stradwick. And here you have a further clue to the indignation of the father as he drove to Selton station, minus his oration; to the tears of the child as she wept her little heart out in solitary confinement, unconscious of the enormity of the deed she had perpetrated upon the hon. member, his constituents, and the distinguished assembly of which he was a representative.

A "fire-lined whip" had been sent out by the Government to their supporters; for the vote upon the measure before the House was one in which their political existence was involved. Parties were so evenly balanced on the question under discussion that it was thought on all sides to be a "near thing." The Whips had been enjoying a lively time of it. The full artillery of the front benches, Ministerial and Opposition, had been brought into play, and had displayed their powers of attack amid the applause or groans, as the case might be, of their respective adherents.

The excitement of the Parliamentary battle was reflected outside. Meetings had been held in all directions. The sup-

porters of the Government had passed resolutions of congratulation and encouragement; their opponents had passed resolutions of condemnation and discouragement. On the one hand, the unbiased spectator would have imagined that the country and its institutions were effete, going to destruction at express speed; on the other, that it was marching along, under astute guidance, to the glories of a golden age.

It was the closing night of the debate, and the division was expected at an early hour in the morning.

"Intend speaking to-night, Stradwick?" inquired Mr. Merton Howitt of that gentleman, as they sat discussing current events over a cigar in the smoking-room of the House, just as the debate had been reopened. Publicly, these two politicians were opposed to each other. Privately, they were the best of friends. "Intend speaking to-night, Stradwick?"

"No. I had the best of intentions that way, and had prepared an oration that would have thrown dismay into your ranks; but the Fates were against me."

"Yes, they usually spoil a good thing. But in what way have they stumbled against you this time?"

At this moment an attendant placed a letter in Mr. Stradwick's hand.

"Ah!" said Mr. Merton Howitt, with a laugh, "a corrective from one of your constituents—to be well shaken before taken. I'll leave you to enjoy the nauseous dose in peace."

And, so saying, the hon. gentleman departed for the more heated atmosphere of the House.

Mr. Stradwick stared in astonishment at the letter brought to him. Well he might! This was the address—

MR. STRADWICK, S-KIRE,

M.P.

for Selton,

Hous of Comens,

London.

He turned it over first this way, then that, and then, with grave deliberation, opened the envelope. And this is what he read—

"Darlin Papa,—I'm very, very, sorey, and guvness has always said that wen a little girl's sorey she aut to say so; so I've got Stanley, who can rite beter and spel beter than I can, to send this leter. He says that he's sorey to, and will never mak any more kite tales. He will only spin tops and play sojers. He's goin to be a sojer himself wen he's a man, wich won't be long, becoss he's groin fast. We tried to put the peases of the tale together agen, but it made our heds ache. Stanley says your ritin's so bad. So, as we couldn't do that, we thaut a long, long wile, and made a speech for you, wich we hope will do insted.—Your sorey little girl, Bess."

Enclosed with this, on a large sheet of foolscap, very much blotted, was the following—

"SPEACH OF MR. STRADWICK, S-KIRE.

"Jentlemen (Stanley says all speeches comens with jentlemen)—I'm the papa of a little girl named Bess. She hasn't no brothers or sisters, and no mamma. But she has a kind, good papa, who only gets x wen she tares his speeches. Praps you have little girls who tares your speeches. They can't be more sorey than my little girl is for being so, so wicked. Kites aut to fly without tales. Praps you can make em? And jentlemen who can spek such lots might do away with spellin, and readin and ritin, wich is a grat noosans to girls and boys. It desnt help them to gro to a bit. We've a coohman who can't read or rite, and he's quite a tal man."

"Drawin we don't mind, cos we can make funny horses, and cows, and dogs. Pleso do away with dokters. They give such nasty stuff. Peepie who give nasty stuff shudn't liv. And pleso could you make a lor that nurses shud never put us to bed wen the sun's shinein. And that we shnd never leve off nice games for nasty baths. And so that boys and girls shudn't be too sellfish, pleso pass another lor that rich children shud sometimes give up their toys to paw children. Them that have cruel papas give nice kind papas, like ours; and them that havn't any mamas don't—pleso don't—be so angry agens as them that have."

Then followed, in Bessie's own hand: "Dere Pa, do say wether this speech will do; and do do say that you are not angry with your litel girl now. Stanley puts x for angry, I put it for kisses x x x"

Mr. Stradwick, M.P., read and re-read this extraordinary "speech." Then he kissed it tenderly, folded it, and put it in his pocket.

The echo of the voice of a great orator fell upon his ears; the sounds of "Ob, oh!" "Hear, hear!" and the groans and cheers which it was punctuated. But no speech delivered within the walls of St. Stephen's that night made a deeper impression than the unspoken, illiterate one that lay folded within Mr. Stradwick's pocket. Its accents went direct to his heart. "Them that havn't any mamas don't—pleso don't—be so angry agens as them that have." That was the sentence which, like a fervent prayer, appealed to heart and conscience.

Three hours later the division bell sounded, and the vote was taken upon one of the most momentous questions which had been before the House of Commons for many years. The result was awaited eagerly within that august assembly and without. At the clubs, outside the offices of the daily journals, and Parliament itself, there were expectant and excited throngs, greedy for the verdict.

At length it came. The Ministry were in a minority of one! A roar of voices hailed the intelligence with exultation, and like the rebounding surge of a stormy sea, came the defiant cheers of the defeated. "A minority of one! Who'd have thought it? What a close shave! How was it?" Nobody, of course, knew. They were not aware that the "minority of one" was at that moment leaning over the cot in which his little girl was peacefully reposing, Lulu clasped tightly to her breast. The head of "the minority" was bowed low, and his lips were moving in silent prayer and blessing.

A few days after, Mr. Stradwick's constituents met in solemn conclave and passed a vote of censure upon him for his absence from the division—a vote which everyone will, of course, admit he fully deserved.

Thus is history made!

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The opium question has of late days been attracting renewed attention, and opinion, both lay and medical, as usual, appears to be much divided on the matter. Recently, a memorial signed by some 5000 medical men reached me. This memorial, while deploring the opium traffic, likewise protested against the opium habit as exhibited in India and China (and our own relations, thereto, of course) as injurious to the morals, health, and general welfare of those who follow the practice. Now, personally, I know nothing whatever of the opium habit in the East beyond the details one acquires from reading, but, I suppose, like thousands more of my fellows, I have hitherto regarded it, naturally enough, as a degrading and health-destroying indulgence. A memorial signed by 5000 medical men should have some weight—"How much weight?" is another and very serious question. For one may well feel inclined to ask how many of the 5000 medical men who signed the memorial know anything, practically or actually, about opium-taking as practised in the East? A man's opinion is one thing; the value of that opinion, as tested by his real knowledge of the matter in dispute, is quite another thing. Hence, when we discover that there is another side to the opium question and to the demand that the whole traffic should be suppressed, it is high time for us, as reasonable and fair-minded persons, to hear what that other side has to say.

Let it be clearly understood I am not acting as an advocate or special pleader here. My business is to show that the opium question is not one of such easy settlement as many of us have hitherto supposed. Men who have spent the best part of their lives in the East, medical men and laymen alike, and who have come into daily contact with those who use opium, very much as we use tobacco here, have at least a right to be heard. Sir William Moore, M.D., Surgeon-General, who is a recognised authority on all matters medical relating to India, for example, holds very strong views about opium and its use—views directly in opposition to those of the 5000 doctors who assert that opium is a thing to be suppressed entirely as an article of—well, say luxury, in the East. Sir W. Moore holds that opium-smoking confers a number of advantages; among them, the power of physical endurance, the power of sustaining life on small quantities of food, the power of resisting malarious influences, and the power of diminishing consumptive tendencies. Again, there is a vast body of opinion to be reckoned with, drawn from the personal experiences of men who are familiar with Eastern life in all its phases, to the effect that the results of the opium habit have been grossly exaggerated, and that in the very countries in which opium is used there is a significant absence of the evils so plainly and continuously set forth by the opponents of the opium traffic here.

Dr. Farquharson, M.P., has also joined the ranks of those who protest against the discredit sought to be attached to opium as used in the East. He invites the professors of materia medica and others who have signed the memorial of the 5000 to step out and "have it out." Dr. Farquharson invites answers to such questions as these: Does the opium habit directly shorten life? Is it not the case that the Sikhs and Rajpoots, the finest and most warlike races of India, take opium regularly and thrive on it? Is it not equally the fact that large numbers of the educated Chinese also take opium regularly without bad results? It is clear, I think, that the whole matter deserves a thorough investigation, and it is much to be desired that no purely sentimental considerations will cause us to prejudice what is evidently a very serious question for millions of men in the East. I know well enough that it is difficult to rid ourselves of prepossessed ideas, and we are brought up in the faith that opium-smoking is a bad and deleterious habit. But one may be wrong when all is said and done. What will not suit us and what may be prejudicial to ourselves may be harmless (or, as some say, necessary) for nations whose surroundings and mode of life are as different from ours as night is from day. At the very least, let us suspend our judgment, and examine the evidence on both sides before committing ourselves to any serious practical step. This cautious advice will not please anti-opiumists or extremists of allied kind; but, then, I am not considering those whose opinions are already formed, evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. I am asking simply for an unprejudiced consideration of "the other side" before giving in our adherence to the views of either party.

I observe that certain investigations have of late been carried out regarding the influence on plant-growth of earthquakes and of ordinary atmospheric electricity. Signor Goiran has ascertained that after earthquake disturbances have occurred in a district, there is to be noted a general increase of plant vitality. All throughout, the effects on the vegetable kingdom of earth disturbances seem to be of a favourable nature. The young plants germinate more rapidly, and even the leaves acquire a deeper tint than usual. The exact causes of this stimulation, Signor Goiran holds, are to be found in conditions which affect favourably the plant's nutrition. Thus there seems to be placed at the disposal of the vegetable kingdom a greater amount of carbonic acid gas, which, of course, is a staple article of diet of all green plants. The increased production of electricity after earthquakes is also credited with a stimulating effect on vegetation, while it is added that probably the disturbance of the soil may exercise a like influence in giving to plants an increased and easily obtained food supply. As regards the effects of atmospheric electricity on plant-life, it is said that this condition exerts a favourable effect—a conclusion supported by previous researches. Where, after earthquakes, there has not been an increase of vegetation, the result is to be attributed to drought associated with the disturbance, and not to any untoward influence of the earthquake itself.

I am always glad to be able to chronicle fresh accessions to the ranks of scientific periodicals of a popular kind. The first number of *Natural Science: a Monthly Review of Scientific Progress* has been courteously sent me by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the publishers; and I take this opportunity of recommending the new aspirant to scientific favour to the notice of those of my readers who delight in zoology, botany, or geology. The quality of the first instalment of papers gives one a foretaste of even better things to come. Let me advise the editor (if advice gratis may for once be valued) to continue to cultivate plainness of style and popularity of method and description in his contributors. Science, as represented in the societies and schools, already has its periodicals. Popular science is sadly in need of interpreters. There is a big future before this periodical, if it will only attempt to describe, in language people can understand, the results of scientific work. If we wish for fresh recruits to the great army of scientific thinkers and observers, it is evident we must attract them by plain words—not repel them by technicalities they cannot understand.

LITERATURE.

CHURCHILL GLORIFIED.

The Rosciad and the Apology. By Charles Churchill. Edited by Robert W. Lowe. With eight illustrations. (London: Lawrence and Bullen.)—Actors who are troubled in soul by the evanescence of their art, or the greater number who vince beneath the scorn of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Oscar Wilde, and other sages, may take comfort in contemplating Mr. Robert W. Lowe's splendid edition of Churchill's "Rosciad." Here we have the most luxurious typography, costly illustration, and learned and diligent editing lavished on a poem which lives not by its own merits but simply as a sort of parasite upon the renown of a great generation of actors. Not that "The Rosciad" lacks inherent merit. It has vigour, penetration, and a sort of cut-and-thrust wit—broadsword exercise, not rapier-play. But its intrinsic qualities would never have saved it from oblivion. Churchill's first published work, and one of his earliest compositions, it shows unmistakable signs of the "prentice hand. The machinery is clumsy, the matter ill-arranged, the transitions violent, the style unequal and spasmodic. Many of Churchill's poems are decidedly better written, with no less vigour and with far greater skill. Even "The Apology," included in the present volume, though it followed close upon the heels of "The Rosciad," shows a distinct advance in literary accomplishment. Yet, but "The Rosciad," who would now remember Churchill's name? His revolt against the smooth elegance of Pope, his influence on his schoolfellow Cowper, might still secure him a certain place in literary history. A few students might remember that he, and not Pope, wrote of "Apt Alliteration's artful aid"; and, as an example of fine healthy truculence in satire, the couplet—

May I—could worse disgrace on manhood fall?—
Be born a Whitehead and baptised a Paul!

might occasionally be quoted. But, apart from "The Rosciad," all that survives of Churchill might be inscribed on a three-penny-piece and read without a microscope. And why, in spite of all its literary shortcomings, does "The Rosciad" survive? Simply because it portrays a group of men and women who so kindled the imagination and moved the feelings of their contemporaries that the record of their achievements comes to us saturated, as it were, with emotion, and awakens in some of us a sort of secondary emotion more exquisite, perhaps, than most of those which we receive from extant, visible, palpable works of art. I sometimes wonder whether we may not look to heredity to account for this magic of certain names. For my own part, I feel sure that I must have had a great-grandfather who adored Mrs. Siddons, and a great-great-grandmother who worshipped Garrick, so directly and irresistibly do these names stir my pulses, without any intervention of the intelligence. Indeed, I might rather say in spite of the intelligence; for I am intellectually convinced that if Garrick and Mrs. Siddons were to appear before us to-morrow, even as they were in the zenith of their powers, our first feeling, at any rate, would be one of painful disillusionment. The potency of their names—to waive the conjecture of atavism—probably arises from the fact that they symbolise for us the finest raptures, the keenest artistic emotions of countless thousands of men and women. They come to us surcharged with the electricity of collective enthusiasm, of what Herrick calls—

The holy rage, the frantic fires that stir
And flash about the spacious theatre.

Call them puppets and Merry-Andrews as much as you please—scoff at their boasted "intelligence," and deride their claim to rank as creative artists—they can afford to smile at such impotent, if not envious, disparagement. For, verily, they have their reward and their revenge.

This view of the matter would have been highly offensive to Charles Churchill, who had a hearty contempt for the histrionic tribe. "Doth it," he cries—

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge traced,
To rule in letters and preside in taste?

And again—

Bow down, ye slaves! Before these idols fall!
Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all!
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me.

Yet in Churchill's time the actors "who presumed to rule in letters and preside in taste" were (with the exception of Macklin) genuinely literate—men of undoubted intellectual eminence. Quin, and after him, Foote, ranked among the first wits of their day; Sheridan's scholarship was less contestable than his histrionic talent, and Garrick holds a place in literature at least as honourable as Churchill's own. The whirligig of time, in fact, has brought with it a just revenge on the satirist's arrogance. The talent of even a second-rate actor—a Barry, a Mossop, or a Macklin—is in reality a far rarer thing than the knack of turning a trenchant couplet which Churchill and his contemporaries dignified with the name of genius. Therefore, the evanescence of their actual achievements has not prevented even these second-rate talents—to say nothing of Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard, and Kitty Clive—from carving deeper runes on the tablet of history than Churchill, with all his "genius," could incise. He is remembered because and in so far as he helped to keep their memory green. And the moral for both actors and critics is that great art is great art, whatever its material, and that though we may define acting out of the sphere of the creative arts, it is at least more creative, more of a thing in itself, than its parasite, criticism. To be sure, it would not need much ingenuity to turn the tables and prove that the actor is dependent on the critic for his immortality. But this is only half a truth. Garrick would still be the greatest name in the annals of the stage though Churchill had never been born. If he had found no Garrick to eulogise and satirise by turns, Churchill would scarce have been heard of, even in his own day, and much less would he have attained in ours the apotheosis of an *édition de luxe*. WILLIAM ARCHER.

A MINER POET.

Songs and Lyrics. By Joseph Skipsey. A new edition on hand-made paper. (Walter Scott.)—When one remembers the hard conditions of their birth, an *édition de luxe* of Mr. Skipsey's poems seems somewhat of an incongruity. Such an incongruity seemed "the Parchment Library" *Sartor Resartus*, which reminds one of Hercules in the soft and dainty garments of Omphale. One has a feeling that strength should always wear the lion-skin. At the same time, hand-made paper and rough edges have no actual unfitness in Mr. Skipsey's case, for the first surprise of his poems lies in their delicacy. It is so, one remembers, with the harebell and many a fragile perfection on the face of rocky places.

Moreover, excepting a small number of his poems, Mr. Skipsey does not write about his life as a miner. His volume is by no means to be regarded as a poetical document on coal-strikes. He has sung both sadly and gladly—more often the latter—of the collier's life; but, as a rule, his muse has as little to say of his temporal environment as that of any other poet—as little, for example, as Mr. Dobson's has to say of Whitehall. What would be the use of a muse that persisted in, so to say, working overtime in one's office, when the whole object of keeping a muse is that it should afford us a ready means of escape into the particular ideal world we love best?—to Mr. Dobson the world of the eighteenth century, to Mr. Skipsey sometimes the world that has a sun for its Davy lamp, sometimes the Blake-like world of moonbeam fancies.

Mr. Skipsey's muse has served him well in this respect. She veed often, evidently, to come and persuade him, with that voice which none who hears can disbelieve, that the black tunnels of glossy coal were the treasure-caves of "some old Arabian Night," that each shining block was solid gold, that he was not wielding his pick for coal, but for the great moon-pearl of pearls, and that the little lamp he misnamed "Davy" was none other than the lamp of Aladdin. And Mr. Skipsey, believing her, would write thus—

In the coal-pit or the factory
I toil by night or day,
And still to the music of labour
I lift my heart-felt lay.
I lift my heart-felt lay—
And the gloom of the deep, deep mine,
Or the din of the factory death away,
And a Golden Lot is mine.

But there were, naturally, times when the bleak, wearing



MR. JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

reality would obtrude itself; in cruel early mornings, for instance, when the "Get up!" of the inexorable "caller," passing from house to house, would at last reach his window—

"Get up!" the caller calls, "Get up!"
And in the dead of night,
To win the bairns their bite and sup,
I rise, a weary wight.

My flannel dudden don'd, thrice o'er
My birds are kiss'd, and then
I with a whistle shut the door
I may not ope again.

The remarkable pictorial quality of this little poem must strike every reader, as also the artistic severity with which each word is used to further the poet's purpose. These qualities are particularly characteristic of Mr. Skipsey's poems, quite the majority of which are contained, like the above, in eight lines. But let us try another contrast. Puzzle—and the miner in this beautiful sprig of fancy—

This Lily of the Valley smells
Too sweet for human speech to say
And passing beautiful those bells
That hide their faces from the day.
It is a gem, tho' small, too rare
For mortal hand to pluck, and twine
With any save an angel's hair;
And that is why 'tis placed in thine.

A volume of "the courtly poets" would seem more the place to seek so charming a compliment. And yet we are told that the hand which could so tenderly handle the most delicate of flowers, so deftly "place it in an angel's hair," was no less deft in wielding the pickaxe. "It took an exceptionally good man to match Mr. Skipsey as a hewer of coal," wrote Dr. Spence Watson some time ago. And, indeed, it must have been so, for flowers in a man's garden do not argue a neglect of his more prosaic duty to his vegetables. It is, of course, usually the reverse. In Mr. Skipsey's case, once more, as in Samson's riddle, "out of the strong came forth sweetness." And surely Mr. Skipsey was strong. To go to the mines at seven, to teach oneself writing with a piece of chalk on a rough door deep in the mines, to assimilate painfully the best in the literature of the world, while still, year after year, doing one's more obvious duties, and yet to remain happy-hearted enough to sing this bookful of song, surely that is to be great; and the honour we can do such a man is small to the honour he does himself. He is, indeed—to quote Matthew Arnold's fine line—"self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure."—R. LE G.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Quaritch sells for half-a-crown a very curious and interesting little book, in which Mr. H. A. Glass gives a critical and bibliographical account, with specimens, of all the metrical versions of the English Psalter which have appeared on both sides the Atlantic from 1549 to 1885. "Tate and Brady" and "Sternhold and Hopkins" have become proverbs among us for all that is to be avoided in versification, but their bad pre-eminence must be the result of popular ignorance of the superior claims of "The Boy Psalm Book," printed in America in 1640, if we may judge by the following specimens—

Like as the heart panting doth pray
after the water brooks,
even in such wise, O God, my soule
after Thee panting looks.
(Ps. xlii. 1.)

I as a stranger am become
unto my bretheren,
and am an alien unto
my mother's children.
(Ps. lxi. 8.)

Prayse yee the Lord, o to the Lord
give thanks for good is Hee:
for His mercy continued is
to perpetuate.
(Ps. cvl. 1.)

And sayd, He would them waste: had not
Moses stood (whom He chose)
'fore Him 'th breach: to turne His wrath
lest that He should waste thos.
(Ps. cvl. 23.)

The simple-minded persons—and there are some left—who still attribute a quasi-infallibility to the criticism found in literary journals of good repute must have been much exercised in their minds by the articles on Walt Whitman published on April 2 in the *Academy* and *Athenaeum*. Both were the work of competent critics, for the initials "T. W. R." are a very diaphanous veil, and the insight and acumen of Mr. Theodore Watts are recognised wherever good English literature is read. But the two estimates did not merely express the difference of opinion which is frequent enough among experts; they had absolutely no common ground. To one the work of the deceased writer was of the profoundest consequence; to the other it was simply of no consequence at all. To "T. W. R., Whitman was 'the greatest American,' the 'one man' to whom it was given 'to reproduce nature,' the man who founded 'democracy in literature.' To Mr. Watts he was simply 'Jack Bunaby of Parnassus,' a sort of incarnate joke, a man who could not be criticised as a poet 'save by doing him a great injustice,' a journalist who played the noble savage by 'fouling with excrement the doorstep of civilisation.' The simultaneous appearance of two such 'appreciations' is sufficiently odd to deserve a record.

The dealers in secondhand books are not the only sinners in the matter of cataloguing. In the catalogue of a free library in a large town in the north of England, the librarian of which must be supposed to have a good knowledge of books and their authors, there are some curious entries. Similarity or identity of the names of authors has evidently proved a stumbling-block, for the elder Hood is credited with his son's novel, "The Lost Link," and under the heading "Kingsley" a literary medical man is thus deprived of his laurels by his brother; "Kingsley (Henry) and Earl of Pembroke. South Sea Bubbles." More curious still is the description of a famous poem: "Tennyson (Alfred), In Memoriam: on Henry Hallam." But most curious of all is the note on "Abel Redivivus" under the entry "Fuller (Thomas)." Fuller was certainly the author of a book so named, but as he died in 1601 there is something which needs explanation in the statement that the work consists of "Lives and Deaths of the Modern Divines, 1867," and that it contains a memoir of Archbishop Whately. The bookseller could hardly beat that, though the Theosophist, with his hypothetical "astral body," could possibly explain it.

The critics have been noting the Laureate's revival in "The Foresters" of one of the dropped poems of 1830, there called "National Song," and beginning—

There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be;

It is reprinted *verbatim et literatim*, all except the chorus, which was a ringing "Jingo" defiance of the French, then in the throes of revolution, and this, of course, could not be transplanted to the Sherwood Forest of the twelfth century. Lord Tennyson has now restored a good many of his cast-off verses, but only after revising them considerably. To none has the process of revision been applied so severely as to "Hands all round!" first printed in John Forster's *Examiner* for Feb. 7, 1852, with the signature of "Merlin." When reprinted in "Tiresias and Other Poems" in 1885, all had disappeared but the first stanza, and even that had received a monarchical flavour. The—

First drink a health this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest;

of 1832 became in 1885—

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
Then drink to England, every guest;

and the chorus line—

God the tyrant's hope confound!

became—

God the traitor's hope confound!

The new stanzas are an "Imperial Federation" hymn, with changes in the refrain to match—

To this great cause of Freedom, drink, my friends,

becoming—

To this great name of England drink, my friends,
And all her glorious Empire round and round. K.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

"The Three Fates," by F. Marion Crawford. Three vols. (Macmillan.)

"Play-Hours and Half-Holidays," by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson. (Macmillan.)

"Among Wild Birds and their Haunts," by "A Son of the Marshes." (W. Blackwood and Son.)

"Etincelles," by La Princesse Karadjia. (Griffith and Farran.)

"Under Other Conditions," a Tale, by the Rev. W. S. Lach-Sayra. (A. and C. Black.)

"The Bookman." Vol. I. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"The Escapes of Latane and Casanova from Prison." Edited, with an introduction, by P. Villars. *Adventure Series*. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Scott's Poetical Works." Vol. IV., New Aldine Edition. (Bell and Sons.)

"The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines," in a Series of Tales by Mary Cowden Clarke. New Edition. Five vols. (Hutchinson and Co.)

"The Book of Common Prayer, with Historical Notes." Edited by the Rev. James Cornford. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.)



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A READING FROM HOMER.

PICTURE BY L. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES LOWE.
I.—BERLIN.

Berlin does not lie on one of the main tourist highways of the Continent; it only stands, so to speak, on an affluent of the great stream of Anglo-Saxon sightseers which, like the Nile, annually overflows and fertilises the hotel-growing lands of Europe. But in recent years this eastward-flowing stream—especially the American part of it—has been gradually deflecting its course towards the north, to include within its sweep and wash the walls of the ever-increasing capital of the new German Empire. What now strikes an American who knew it when it was only the chief town of Prussia is that it has grown as rapidly in the interval as his own monster and mushroom-like city of Chicago. This growth, too, is all the more remarkable, as, owing to the adoption of the flat system in the construction of Berlin tenements, the city has shot upwards more than outwards—encroached on the sky, so to speak, more than on the earth; so that a Cockney of barren imagination could only be made to realise the true dimensions of the German capital, according to his own surface standard of urban measurement, by slicing the habitations of this city into five or six horizontal segments and spreading them out on the open country around—a realistic process of computation which would have the effect of expanding Berlin, on the London principle of domestic architecture, into about half-a-dozen times its present enormous area, with its beehive population of considerably over a million and a half. That is a tremendous advance on the figures of 1870, when old King William, greatly uncertain as to the future, sallied forth at the head of his helmeted legions to do battle on the overweening and aggressive Gauls; but ever since the summer day of the following year when Kaiser William made triumphal re-entry into his capital in front of these same victorious legions Berlin has sprung forward by architectural leaps and bounds, and is now, like Bottom, altogether “translated” from resemblance to its former self. For as sure as trade follows the flag, so surely will material prosperity and enterprise attend on political power; and more than a score of years ago the centre of political gravity in Europe was transferred from the banks of the Seine to the banks of the Spree. Henceforth even Vienna lost much of its attractive power, both as a social and political State-centre, and began to part with its influence to Buda-Pesth, on one hand, and to Berlin on the other. The German capital was quick to monopolise the political power of Paris and Vienna, and to become the Mecca of diplomatists and other political pilgrims; but it could not deprive the enchanting city on the Seine of its other laurels. It failed to assimilate its faculty of giving pleasure, and could not usurp its prerogative as the radiating centre of wit, grace, elegance, art, and literature. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that presented by the social, artistic, and literary world of Berlin and the same phases of life at Paris. While the French capital still remains at once the Athens and the Sybaris of modern Europe, the capital of Germany is its Sparta—harsh and uninviting, with few or no graces, not even those that are muttered before and after a hasty meal. While Minerva still reigns supreme at Paris, Mars is the predominant deity of Berlin, the headquarters at once of militarism and materialism, with its more than three per cent. of the population who wear the uniform of the Kaiser, and its one only in every hundred who wear the uniform of Christ. Perhaps no city in Europe presents so many strange contrasts as Berlin, which is massive and mathematical without being majestic; hugely large, yet lacking in real life; fair to the eye, yet fierce with the struggle for existence; deadily dull and monotonous, in spite of its multifariousness; the seat of a Court yet socially very crude; and the stronghold at once of divine-right rule and social democracy, those rival candidates for the post of modern saviour of society.

II.—THE EMPEROR.

Berlin has no tincture of antiquity to attract the tourist like Vienna or Paris, but what it lacks in the form and favour of age it possesses in *fin-de-siècle* spirit; and undoubtedly its most modern *Monarch* (to quote the words of one who knows him well) is its young divine-right monarch. A famous person has more attractive power for the ordinary tourist than a famous place, and I have always found that trippers to Berlin were tempted thither less by the desire to see the chief town than the chief men of the German Empire—the mighty men who built it up and watched over its inward and its outward growth, the Bismarcks, the Moltkes, the Roms, the “Red Princes,” the Blumenthals, and the grand old Kaiser William the Conqueror. Thousands of pilgrims went to Weimar to lay their mite of worship at the feet of Goethe; but, on the other hand, tens of thousands, imbued with the unconscious belief that fine actions are infinitely more admirable than the fairest thoughts, have journeyed to Berlin to catch but a glimpse of the mighty makers of the mighty German Empire. But they have now all quitted the scene, have these doughty empire-builders, these Samson-strong soldiers and statesmen, the last of them being driven forth from the field of his Titanio toils as suddenly as the money-changers were scourged out of the Temple; and the mantle of their might has fallen. Upon whom, then, has it fallen? Is the inheritor of their greatness the young Sovereign who sets so high a value on his own merits, and expects men to take him at his own estimate?—who has hitherto spoken more than acted—unless, indeed, the latter word be used in its purely histrionic sense—whose high resolves it is hard to distinguish from fatuous restlessness, and who, in the opinion of many of his own subjects, has already undone overnight much of the political web that was so well and deftly woven in the daytime by Penelope Bismarck? Is this a wise man or a “Will o’ the Wisp” that sheds his light from the imperial throne? We know that a “Romanticist on the throne of the Caesars” already appeared in the person of Frederick William IV., the granduncle of the present Emperor-King, a monarch who cut a poorer figure than any of his race; and it has of late become a grave question with many whether, after all, William II. has not more in common with his granduncle than with his grandfather. The former was a mystic, an idealist, a talker, a broad target for all the shafts of contemporary caricature and satire, a monarch who finally went off his head, and had to resign his sceptre into the regent hands of his brother. And this latter, who forms the object of his grandson’s hot idolatry, was a simple, sensible, practical, slow, soldierly, silent, and much-enduring man, who did his every-day duty humbly, honestly, and almost doubtfully; courted no applause but the approval of his conscience, and caring not for the intoxicating fumes of the *popularis aura* or the *monstrari digito* passion. Such a monarch, I repeat, is

the object of the present Emperor’s most ardent idolatry; but has his Majesty’s admiration of his grandfather’s character expressed itself in the form of positive imitation? “*Imperator-Imitator!*” some epitaph-writer has already said of William II., but it is hard to see which of his ancestors has formed the especial object of his Majesty’s imitation. A believer in the eclectic principle, he seems rather to have borrowed particular traits and touches from the characters of his most conspicuous ancestors: the noble reforming rage of the Great Elector; Frederick William’s passion for soldiers, with his fury for scolding his subjects; Frederick the Great’s avowed thirst for glory *per se*; Frederick William the Pat’s affability and love of feasting; Frederick William the Third’s fondness for meeting with his fellow-sovereigns; Frederick William the Fourth’s eloquence and idealism; William the First’s familiarity with the councils of the Almighty; and Frederick the Third’s habit of flirtation, with the forward spirit of the time. We all know what success attended the efforts of the artist to create a portrait of ravishing beauty out of a combination of the fairest features culled from the loveliest heads he could find, just as we know how Frankenstein fared with his composite carcase and his endeavour to galvanise it into life. Nature abhors duplicates no less than she does a vacuum; and who that expects a purple robe shall be satisfied with a mere patchwork cover?

It is very hard to draw a true sketch, were it but of the vignette kind, of a head and face which are constantly varying and shifting under the artist’s pencil, even though these features be illumined by the fierce light that bents upon a throne. The artist needs finally or repose in his object, and the character of the Emperor is, meanwhile, devoid of both. His critics, therefore, must neither be too hasty nor too uncharitable in their conclusions. They must needs agree that a strange and attractive phenomenon has suddenly burst forth in the firmament of European rulers, but then scrutinise it longer and more closely before pronouncing it to be a star of the first magnitude or only a transient, translucent nebula. A more puzzling problem has rarely presented itself to students of character than that of the young monarch whom his banished Chancellor, in the bitterness of his heart, so pregnantly pronounced to be “a rich heir.” A mysterious destiny is certainly written on those pale, perfervid features of his, mysterious, and possibly tragic. But while there is doubt there is hope, and let it be remembered that Frederick of Prussia gave so little earnest at the beginning of his reign of positively becoming great that he actually bolted from his first battlefield, and was surprised in the depths of his despair with the news that the troops whom he deserted had won for him a brilliant victory. Similarly, the fate of Germany is not altogether dependent on the wisdom or folly of its present ruler; and even those who think that the latter quality has in many respects of late predominated in his actions no less than his words are fain to hope with Bismarck, who, when writing to his wife in his manhood from the scene of some of his youthful vagaries, prayed that “it might please God to fill this vessel, wherein the champagne at twenty-one uselessly frothed, leaving only empty dregs, with His own clear and strengthening wine.”

AN INDIAN POLO TOURNAMENT CUP.

This silver cup is the prize trophy of a match played at Nasirabad, in March 1890, and won by the Sardar Rissala team, of Jodpore. The other competing teams were those of the 18th Hussars, the Central India Horse, the 2nd Bombay Lancers, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Ajmere Gymkhana, and the Mhow Gymkhana. The equestrian statuette is a figure of Colonel Sir Pratap Singh on horseback. On a



THE RAJPUTANA CENTRAL INDIA POLO TOURNAMENT CUP.

porcelain plate in front are the photographs of that officer, Major Stuart Benson, Rissalard Dhokree Singh, and Thakur Harji Singh. At one end is the figure of an eagle; at the other, a wreath entwined with a band; the names of the teams and players are inscribed. This beautiful work has been modelled and executed by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of the Poultry, London.

SOME OF MY NIGGER ACQUAINTANCE.

As my memory carries me back into the midst of my coloured friends of “auld lang syne,” a faint odour as of faded strawberries steals upon my senses, so much are the organs of perception fools of the imagination, and all at once Cesarina is standing between an astral “me” and the jalousies, through which the sea-breeze wanders, and she is transforming by her intercepting presence the fragrance of the jessamine into something quite too utterly utter. She has been showing me certain coarse American caricatures of her name and race, and observes the while: “Ma Gawd, white people make black people too ugly; black people no like dat.” I soothe the good-hearted soul, and assure her that the Yankees know no better, and are rather to be pitied than blamed for their ignorance. Thus tranquillised as to her racial *amour propre*, Cesarina becomes discursively gossiping, and there in the gallery, during the delightful moments of sundown, while Pompey is industriously concocting a swiggle, she tells me how Mrs. Grundy goes to work under the lofty, tossing canopy of the tropic palms. Time and distance modify the details of her utterance, which, as best I can, I give.

The woman was too “wutless,” and she enticed Sambo away from her who had the first claim on his domestic fealty and attention. Long was he faithless to the vows he had uttered before “the reverend”; but at last conscience or some other influence moved in him, and he returned to the shelter of his own vine and fig-trees, or, to phrase it more correctly, to his own plantain-plot. Then was the time for Mrs. Grundy of the Equator to rise in her sable myriads and go and launt the Delilah to whom had arrived a deserved Nemesis. Around her cottage they gathered in virtuous chorus, singing as the fireflies blazed and flickered in the abundant leafage, and untold hosts of frogs croaked lugubrious assent from the neighbouring ditches—

No more sago pap, no more rice and milk,
No more tapioca,
For de man an gone home to his wife.

“Me no marry my man, Sah,” goes on my fragrant friend. “And why not, my good Cesarina?” I rejoin. “Because he beat me too bad, Sah,” says she—and she was probably correct in her hypothetical forecast.

“Mornin’, Bass, mornin’; I hope I see you well, Bass,” I look up. By all that is marvellous, it is no longer midwinter in England with twelve degrees of frost, and that is not the milkman’s voice! No, the sun is beating hot on the verandah-shutters, I am lying well away from them in a hammock, and there has entered to me, who have an open Tennyson lying lazily on my lap, the sable Waterfoot. No, I will not buy any of his jimerackeries picked up from the Bucks (*Anglicæ*, Indians of the equatorial American forest and savannah). I must take him to task, and suggest that he uses his city-bred enlightenment to get the better of those ingenious children of the wild wood. Now Waterfoot grows superb. He disengages himself from a parrot and a monkey, rolls his eyes heavenwards, and begins: “Ie shall hab all de Edens fo’ his inheritance an’ de uttmost pafte fo’ his possession. It too troo, Bass, dey comin’ fast to de light. He shall hab all de Edens fo’ his inheritance an’ de uttmost pafte fo’ his possession.” This seemed to me scarcely lucid, and I begged my friend, as he relapsed into almost tearfulness after this lofty flight, to explain himself. “Look heb, Bass,” said he, “deh was a time when I give a Buck a tree-bit piece (a shilling) and he tink it a dollah. Anybody could stick [de-deceive] a Buck, Sah. Now dey undahstan’ money. Dey comin’ to de light, Sah!” “You are familiar with the Scriptures,” I venture to observe. “Yes, Sah. I preach the Gospel myself—a Revival preachah myself—hili I fell from grace.” This fall was due to a faithless fair one, he assured me; but I have heard that a hen-roost emptied after a stirring evening meeting had something to do with it. “I found she livin’ with a collahed man, Sah, down at Berbioe; but she saw me de oder day at de levee with my sawd, cocked hat, and feeders, and den she know fo’ suttan, Sah, what she los’.”

A great contrast to the mercurial Waterfoot is my good friend Peter, janitor at a well-known tropical institution. Sedate, grave in deportment, Peter lived up to the dignity of his post. His wife was as decorous, well-behaved, and black as himself. The baby boy that came to them could not throw them into unbecoming excitement. A fortnight after the birth, Peter showed each one of us who were on the staff a card, whereon was written: “Peter presents his compliments to you, and requests the pleasure of your company on Monday next to see the little stranger.” One calligraphic effort did for the janitor’s five superiors, who were all present on the “Monday next,” making a cynical *fin-de-siècle* group of Magi round the black baby, more adapted for the pencil of a Yankee humorist than of a Correggio. Peter “stood” us champagne like a gentleman, and nodding solemnly at the little stranger, we drank him health and prosperity. Nobody seeming quite equal to offering a remark appropriate to the occasion, I ventured to say, “How like he is to Peter!” but was snubbed at once by an eyeglassed colleague, who drily observed, “It is much too early to arrive at any conclusion on that point.” I hope Peter Junior is doing well. He ought to be a good and wise man, for I sent him a copy of “Proverbial Philosophy,” by Martin Tupper, in which was inscribed: “For the little stranger, with the hope that its sound maxims and excellent precepts may be of service to him in the voyage of life.”

Again, in the mirage of the past I see the wedding party breaking up, and happy Sambo and his bride bow gracefully as the blushing, bashful bridesmaids sing—

Mister Bride and Mrs. Bride,
You know what you have to do,
Bring fo’ childin’ into dis yer world—

while Diana beams gently and benignly down through the gracious southern night on her sister, the *lune de miel*. Then the shadows of the merry-makers pass into oblivion again. Last of all, I recall the notable nigger of our city, Joshua Friday, who was said to have a harder head than any of his tough-skulled brothers. His employer, to amuse his acquaintance, would get Joshua to butt at a Dutch cheese, wrapped in cloth, and the sturdy-headed fellow would do so, invariably splitting the cheese in two. Most cruelly, this merchant perpetrated a practical joke on my darkie friend. He put up a millstone instead of a cheese for Joshua to try the force of his head on as a battering-ram. Proudly Joshua bent his neck and rushed at his target, hitting it fair in the middle. Then he leapt back with a slight howl, and rubbed his woolly hair. “He were hard,” he exclaimed, “but all de same I guess he break;” and so of a trath the millstone was divided into two parts.

Joshua, Peter, Waterfoot, Cesarina, and the rest will cross my path no more. For a few moments, as I write, they have been very real; the air has almost seemed to grow warm, and phantom palms and fireflies and the soft equatorial evening to be about me again; but the fog-signals on the adjacent railway line, the roaring fire which just keeps the twelve degrees of frost at bay, warn me against illusions, and I know that, after all, this is only a reminiscence. F. B.

HAMPSHIRE VIGNETTES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADEMOISELLE IRE."

VI.

Over Granny Bolter's memory, as over herself, conjecture is still at work and at fault, and conflicting testimony leaves us uncertain as to whether she was rich or poor, sick or well, a saintly martyr or an arrant hypocrite.

In appearance Granny Bolter was handsome and refined, with well-cut features and fine spun hair rippling in white curls about her cap. Her manner is best pictured by the word genteel, and genteel as well as pious was the plaintive tone of her whole demeanour and conversation. In language barely tinged by the dialect of the valley, she discoursed with admirable fluency and much dramatic play of look and gesture. These arts of expression were used, though used in vain, to describe the strange agonies from which she suffered, but which, as she assured us, no tongue could tell. Her only wonder was that she remained alive, and this amazement was shared by all who knew her and her singular method of self-treatment.

"If you please, Mum, Mrs. Bolter is took very bad, and would you kindly let her have a piece of plum cake?"

Pork was another favourite remedy; she partook of it largely without fear, and, what is more remarkable, without regret; and, indeed, her system was so far justified by experience that the only fare her inexplicable constitution ever seriously resented was a surfeit of tinned lobster. By that, indeed, it was rudely shaken; she was declared by her house-mates to be dying, but as this was a matter of monthly occurrence, perhaps it was not the fault of the lobster after all.

With a diet of this kind, it will be easily understood that she required a good deal of stimulus. At one bountiful house in the neighbourhood the butler was heard to exclaim, with some anxiety, that "he hoped the cask of Tarragona might outlast the old lady!" But it is probable that the contents of this cask, with the wine and spirits supplied by other generous persons, cheered the fainting spirits of more than Granny Bolter. This aged invalid was the central figure in a very unpleasing family group, who, for one thing, proved—as a striking exception is said to prove—the rule of cleanliness in the valley. There was Ada, her pretty granddaughter, who had not time to do anything, not even to bind up the luxuriant hair which often rolled in confusion about her shoulders. There were Ada's two little children, begrimed with dirt and tears, and usually stamping and screaming at their mother. There was Ada's husband, a stranger in the valley, foolishly imported there by Ada herself, not usually to be seen in afternoon visits, but frankly described by his wife and her grandmother as a man of evil temper and selfish ways. All these were supposed to consume so large a share of the good things presented to Granny Bolter that when they withdrew to a distant town there was much rejoicing among her friends. An excellent woman was hired to take their place, and wait on Granny Bolter as they had never waited. The cottage was scrubbed and whitewashed. Granny herself was no less embellished, and, nourished by duly served and well-cooked meals, showed signs of gaining flesh and even colour. Unfortunately, this reformation was more appreciated by Granny's visitors than by herself. The advantages were, in her eyes, entirely outweighed by one serious drawback, on which she dilated with all her accustomed eloquence and pathos. It was want of company. The nurse, unlike Ada, was too much addicted to cooking and scrubbing to be constantly chatting with Granny Bolter; and on Sundays the nurse's husband, a hale young man, preferred spending his holiday tête-à-tête with his wife to sitting beside Granny's bedside. The result was a dullness that appeared more intolerable than the physical torments which no words could depict. It drove Granny Bolter to a desperate resolution, the very mention of which struck the hearers with dismay.

At Underton, a small town about six miles distant, a daughter of Granny Bolter had long been settled. There she lived in a very cramped abode, with a husband addicted to drink, and a large and lively family of small children. This was the cheerful circle in which Granny now fervently desired to end her days.

"There," she protested, without fear of contradiction, "there I should have plenty of company." And there was still another allurement, of which she spoke with glistening eyes. "They have a nice fat pig, and in just about a week it will be ready to kill."

But all this on the lips of so frail a sufferer, who could hardly sit up while her bed was made, sounded like a beautiful but feverish dream, till a crude reality was imparted to the situation by the arrival of her daughter and son-in-law with intent to carry out her wishes. In discouragement of what appeared so dangerous a step, they were informed that the contributions which had hitherto supported her would be discontinued if she left the village. Their dignified rejoinder, that she was quite independent of such assistance, startled all but those—liars and slanderers she would have dubbed them—who spoke of her as a lady of ample means.

There still remained the apparently insuperable difficulty of her removal. Its accomplishment, simple as it was unexpected, forms the last in that coruscation of surprises with which her career dramatically closes. Granny Bolter rose from her bed, ate an excellent dinner, and then in a fly drove over to Underton, with no more evil effects than the nervous shock inflicted on the nurse and other spectators of her flight.

With this fell the curtain, and the village knew her no more; nor, indeed, did Underton know her very long, for some weeks afterwards we learned by accident that our poor old friend was dead and buried. Concerning her decease her relatives are reserved. Its immediate cause has not been made plain; and, whether she died of too much company or too much pig, is part of that mystery which will never be dispelled.

ITALIAN CHILDREN.

The first thing that strikes foreigners about Italian children is that they never seem to go to bed. Willie Winkie appears to be unknown in Italy, and even the sleepy, rosy tots of England, whose heads hang down with slumber as soon as the sun sets, grow sleepless in the southern air, and want to sit up with their big brothers and sisters like the children of the soil. This may be owing to an almost universal Italian practice of keeping children with grown-up people, and not maintaining for them the sort of cloister-like existence which they lead in England. And the practice prevails in all social classes. The boys and girls of the poor swarm in the streets half the night, and at the seaside the most high-born ladies bring their small children with them to the public balls. Everyone pets and indulges children, for nowhere are such child-lovers to be found as among Italians, and no one seems to think their presence out of place, no matter where it be. To foreigners it seems strange to see the bright, attentive eyes studying the ways of their elders, in which they often grow preternaturally wise. They have a way of joining in the conversation, and of expecting to be listened to, which is entirely opposed to English ideas, and they lose all too early those pretty childlike ways and childish speech which make our little ones so endearing to us. Among the lower classes children are treated much as they are everywhere else by ignorant people, though the Italian father is far more affectionate, as a rule, than fathers among the people are apt to be in other climes. Owing, perhaps, to this habit of sitting up late, the Italian child is a highly nervous creature, subject to attacks of terror and paroxysms of fury. It is not rare to hear that a child is ill, may, have even died, of fright. A first child often frets itself ill with jealousy when a second arrives, a feeling sometimes injudiciously fostered by the mother and the nurse.

The wet nurse—*balia*—is almost always an indispensable concomitant to the baby. Many town mothers, however, prefer to put their children out to nurse with peasant women in the country, and, when the nurse is healthy and conscientious, the plan succeeds fairly well, though, of course, in this way the mothers lose all the early months of babyhood, and sometimes do not gain their infants' affection, and but too often the influence of these peasant women is pernicious. Too often they are neither healthy nor conscientious, and the results are apt to be disastrous. The mortality among young children in Italy is very high, and especially in the lower classes. With the more comfortably endowed class the *balia in casa*, the domestic wet nurse, is the rule. The mother who nurses her own child is so rare as to form an object of comment; indeed, among the merits put forward for Christina of Savoy, whom the Pope is now about to beatify, it is especially stated that she nursed her own son. Bringing up by hand is almost unknown. This *balia* is a very important personage indeed, and fully aware, only too fully aware, of her own importance. She is convinced, and easily succeeds in convincing those about her, that the health and well-being of her nursling depend upon the gratification of all her whims, which are numerous. Usually a rough peasant, accustomed in her own home to the most frugal fare, not to say privation, she insists, the moment she enters a family, on feeding in the most delicate manner. She further requires presents made to her of expensive jewellery, which she speedily reconverts into cash, and with the result of jewellery thus obtained many and many a wet nurse has bought a little plot of ground, and made herself and her family rich for ever afterwards. She points if she sees in the street another nurse better dressed than herself, the nurses wearing generally a kind of distinctive costume, which the ladies vie with each other in making as fantastic and gaudy as possible. Altogether, she makes herself a nuisance to the whole family, and there is generally great rejoicing when she departs. When her engagement has expired, she more often than not walks off quite calmly, leaving to the long-suffering mother the burden of weaning the child. Not infrequently she has so won the affections of the baby that it frets itself ill after her, and the spoiling and petting required to acquire its infantine affections may have much to do in accounting for the nervous temperament in Italian children alluded to above. Indeed, there is probably no profession more lucrative in Italy than that of wet nurse, and the consequence is that every peasant woman who possibly can tries to go in for it, and after she has had four or five nurselings she is generally able to live upon the proceeds of her gains.

After the nurse comes the school. The Italian schools for young children are good as a general rule; the elementary classes are taught well and carefully, and of late more attention is paid to hygiene and physical education. Still, governesses are found more often than formerly among the higher classes; English ones are specially in request, though objection is sometimes made to their religion, for in Italy even the most free-thinking father requires that his girl should be brought up in the observances of the Roman Church. The lower classes, on the contrary, do not mind so much if the maestra is not strict in her practice. The poorer people are always laudably desirous that their children should attend school; indeed, their anxiety on this point, seeing how many among them belong to the older generation, who can neither read nor write, is quite touching. In the case of girls they want to raise their position, and often make sacrifices to send them to educational establishments above their means. In the towns are to be found small private schools to which young children are sent for a fee ranging from two to five francs a month. An amusing sight it is to see these tiny scholars going to or returning from school with their little lunch baskets and satchels. Ten or twelve of them are often under the charge of one old woman, who drives them in front of her like a flock of turkeys. Most convents have free schools attached, where the poorer children can be sent. Every child of the better class is accompanied to and from school, and it has a strange look in foreign eyes to see boys who in England would be indignant at a hint that they needed taking care of led by the hand through the streets by parents or servants. This is partly done to ensure their personal safety, partly to keep them from making undesirable acquaintances—a system which for boys is productive of almost unmixing evil. How lads so tended ever become manly is a wonder.

That the necessity for education is beginning to be felt so keenly all over the country is a hopeful sign. Fathers who have been in the army can all read and write, and hence are anxious that their children should do so too. Still, they are no more willing than other parents to lose their children's labour. This is the problem of the day in Italy—how to reconcile the need of a boy who can tend the cows and sheep, or a little girl who can mind the baby, with the claims of their education. It generally ends in the boy getting most of the schooling and the girl being kept at home to do his work as well as her own. The mother in the country does not care that her girl should know more than she does, and her oracle the priest is not an advocate for female education; so the country girl is apt to stay where her mother did so far as teaching goes.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

Much regret will have been caused by the report that one of the towers of Lincoln Cathedral is now in an unsafe condition. This grand ecclesiastical edifice, standing on a hill surrounded by a vast expanse of level country, is a conspicuous landmark of eastern England. The old city of Lincoln, the "Lindum Colonia" of the Romans, hangs on the side of the hill. To that place, soon after the Norman Conquest, the episcopal See of Mercia was removed from Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, by the Bishop, Remigius from Fécamp, who began the Cathedral building. It was consecrated early in the twelfth century. A fire and an earthquake, it is said, within that century, destroyed most of the Norman structure. Then Bishop Hugh, from Grenoble, a canonised saint, rebuilt the choir, the north-east transept, and parts of the great middle transept, which still remain. These parts were completed, and the nave, the north-west transept, perhaps also the lower portion of the great tower, and a piece of the west front, were supplied, in the thirteenth century, by Bishops William of Blois, Hugh of Wells, and Robert Grosstête, using the plans of Geoffrey de Noiers, the architect before employed. This architect may or may not have been a Frenchman; but Lincoln Cathedral is reputed, in style, a typical production of Early English architecture, ranking in date with Salisbury and with Westminster Abbey. The presbytery, or "Angel Choir," which contained the shrine of St. Hugh, the cloisters, and the central tower, belong to that century; only the south end of the great transept, with its circular window, is of the fourteenth, and the upper part of the western towers is of the fifteenth-century Perpendicular style.

The external view of Lincoln Cathedral, from a short distance, is remarkably interesting, because of the rich variety of



IN THE ANGEL CHOIR.

outlines; but a closer approach reveals some faults of composition, and it is encumbered with mean houses, instead of rising amid trees and spacious greensward or gardens, as such a grand building ought to do. The body of the Cathedral wants elevation of the walls, and its high-pitched timber roof fails to compensate for this defect. The west front, which is but partially shown in our Artist's Sketch, is an incongruous mixture of three different styles, but contains good examples of each style, and its towers have certainly a fine effect. The exterior of the east end, with its three gables, flanked by double buttresses, its noble windows, and profuse yet elegant sculptured ornamentation, is uncommonly beautiful; and the south-east porch, the entrance to the presbytery and to St. Blaise's and St. Catherine's Chapels, is richly decorated, though its statues have been sadly knocked about and defaced. The chapter-house, a regular deacon in shape, with a central clustered pillar of marble sustaining the vaulted roof, has much architectural merit. In the body of the church, when entered, the eye soon observes a few important peculiarities. The lines of the nave are not quite regular or continuous with those of the choir, but turn off northward as they approach the west end and join the more ancient Norman front; the bays and arches here are not of uniform span, and therefore do not exactly correspond with the design of the triforium and clerestory above. There is, however, much beauty of detail in the nave and aisles, in the choir, and in the "Angel choir," or presbytery, which is of the Decorated style of Gothic, with figures of angels in the spandrels of its triforium arches. The choir is separated from the nave by a fine rood-screen, upon which the organ is placed, intercepting the view in both directions; the stalls, with light and graceful canopies, are of exquisite carved work; the old pulpit, the new pulpit, the Bishop's throne, the altar retables, the eagle lectern, and other accessories have sufficient dignity for the church. The large rose or wheel window of the north

SKETCHES OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF CATHEDRAL.

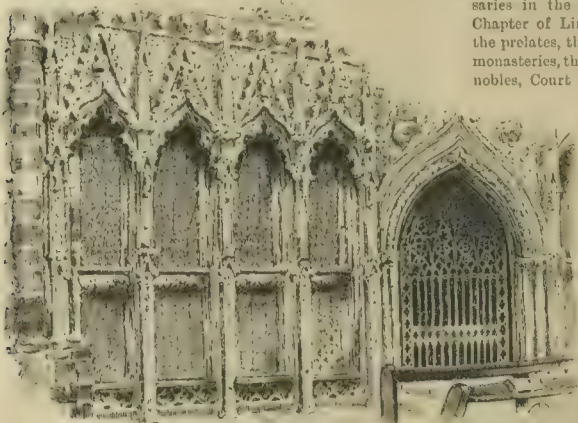


WEST FRONT TOWERS.

choir transept, one of the most perfect and elaborate works of its kind in Early English architecture, and the later stained-glass window of the south transept, are marvels of beautiful tracery and splendid colour. Several of the chapels or chantries display much originality and skill in their decoration, and there are some interesting monuments among the tombs.

The great central or "Broad Tower," as was said, was begun in the Early English period, and probably between 1235 and 1253, by the famous Bishop Robert Grosstete; he raised it to the first storey above the roof. Grosstete was a learned

Oxford scholar, a vigorous disputant in philosophy as well as in theology, a zealous Church reformer, and fearless of King or Pope. He allied himself with the Orders of preaching Mendicant Friars, not then become corrupt, to insist on decent Christian morality among both the clergy and the laity, to denounce abuses in the Church and in the State, to reprove vice in all men, of high and low degree. Grosstete found his most obstinate adversaries in the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln; but the prelates, the abbots of monasteries, the King, the nobles, Court favourites,



A CHANTRY.



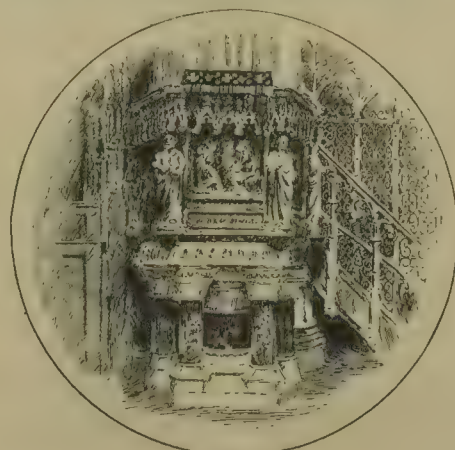
SOUTH-EAST PORCH.



THE CHOIR, LOOKING WEST.

high State officers, and Pope Innocent IV. were all exasperated by his open protests against their acts of maladministration. The Pope threatened to excommunicate him for refusing

to admit boys and unfit persons to the Church benefices in his diocese. This great bishop was the founder and part builder of the great tower of Lincoln Cathedral. One of his predecessors, the first Hugh, has also the reputation of a great and good bishop, one far more worthy than his contemporary, Archbishop Thomas à Becket of Canterbury, and was held in the



PULPIT.

highest esteem by King Henry II. to the end of his life. With these associations, we should think English public munificence will be readily disposed to aid what efforts may be required for the repair of Lincoln Cathedral, and we may expect soon to hear more of the subject.



"LOCKED OUT."—BY MISS A. G. BROWN.
FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1891.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Total	14	Total	54
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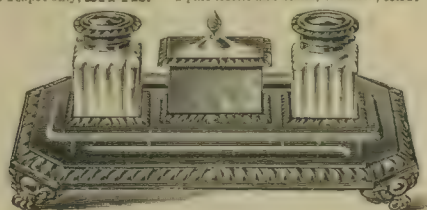
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ART NOTES.

The South Kensington Museum will be shortly enriched by another of those perfect models of decorative building which it owes to the persistent energy of the present Director for Art. It is now seven years since Mr. Armstrong first induced the council to consent to the reproduction of the Chapel of San Maurizio, with its decorations by Luini; and the admiration which this work aroused, and its obvious value to architects, induced the council to adopt Mr. Armstrong's next suggestion, which was to make a scale model of the Appartamento Borgia in the Vatican, a work which was entrusted to Signor Consolani, while the frescoes were reproduced by Signor Rosso Scotti. It was with no little difficulty that the necessary permission was obtained from the Papal authorities, but eventually the work was brought to a conclusion. Mr. Armstrong next confided to Signor Maniani the reproduction of the Villa Madama, in Monte Mario, at Rome, and the Biancoone of the Sala di Cambio at Perugia, with its alternate panels of wood-carving and intarsia. These works, which have been carefully preserved, are of the highest interest to artists and craftsmen, and for their sake, even more than on account of the general public, we congratulate the Museum on these acquisitions.

The course of lectures on the myth of Demeter and Persephone which Miss J. E. Harrison was to have delivered in February, but which were postponed on account of the prevailing epidemic, are to be given early in May in the Lecture Room at the South Kensington Museum. The introductory lecture will treat of the stories of Europa and Io, not according to Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Lemprière's Dictionary, but in accordance with the latest revelations of archaeology. It is to be hoped that Miss Harrison will be able on this occasion to put her audiences in possession of the results of the recent discoveries made by Signor Selms, the director of the Palermo Museum, who has found at Selinonte some interesting metopes bearing on the myth. The story of Demeter, with its three charming episodes of the Flower Gathering, the Going Down (*ekthodoc*), and the Rising Up (*anabodoc*), lend themselves naturally to poetic treatment, and the art of the earliest and best periods of Greece bears witness to the popularity of the myth.

The exhibition of old English pictures at Messrs. Dowdeswells is one of the most interesting which has been brought together illustrative of the rise of English landscape art. It is not necessary to discuss how far a painter's work is due to or modified by his environment; but it is interesting to note how much the scenery among which Old Crome, Cotman, Stark, Morland, and Gainsborough worked had in common with the home of Hobbema, Cuyp, and Van de Velde. Doubtless, there were other bonds between the Low Countries and East Anglia which stimulated the artists of the Norwich school to imitate their neighbours over the sea; and very soon, as these pictures show, they were quite the equals of their masters. The most distinctive feature, however, of this exhibition is the large collection of Constable's easel pictures which Messrs. Dowdeswells have managed to bring together. They illustrate in a very remarkable way the claim of Constable to a foremost place among the pure landscape-painters, to whom the resources of our silvery atmosphere were unfolded; and we are able, by the aid of these pictures, to understand the influence he brought to bear upon French art, and so to lay the foundations of that school of which Rousseau, Troyon, and their contemporaries were the chief exponents. It must not be forgotten that a former generation

of French artists and critics readily recognised the debt due to the two Englishmen Wilson and Constable, who on two different occasions rescued French art from the lifeless mannerism into which it had fallen.

The French artists, as well as the French Government, seem determined to confer upon Mr. Whistler distinctions which in the country of his adoption have been but sparingly and grudgingly placed within his reach. Among the supplementary members of the jury who will decide upon the pictures of this year's Salon, Mr. Whistler's name occupies a prominent place; and it speaks much for the lessening jealousy of French artists to find that Alfred Stevens, who by birth at least is a Belgian, has been elected president of the jury of painting. Among other members are Carolus Duran, Pavis de Chavannes, Gervex, Wahlberg, Messdag, Henry Moore, and Boutet de Monvel—names which will assure the representation of many schools and phases of art. It is, perhaps, not surprising that in the juries of sculpture and etching and engraving no English name is to be found, but it must be allowed that in these fields our artists fight under considerable disadvantages.

The recently established Japanese Society has in Mr. M. B. Huish a member who has already placed upon a scientific basis the leading features of Japanese civilisation as revealed through the national art. His collection of lacquer, metal work, and carvings has been methodically arranged with the view of illustrating the physical aspect of the country, its history, and its religion. The various types of its people, their dwellings, and their surroundings, the fauna and flora of the country, are all represented either by designs on sword-guards (tsuba), by lacquer ornaments, enamelled scabbards, and by ivory netsukes. In another series of cases Mr. Huish displays the progress of decorative work from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century; in another, some thirty specimens of lacquer in its different colours and overlays; and in a third a short survey of metal work, with its piercings, chasings, and repoussé, its inlayings and imitations, in almost endless variety. The little handbook explaining Mr. Huish's collection—which he has placed on view at the Fine Art Society's Gallery—is a model of clearness which bears witness to his thorough mastery of his subject.

Among the most poignant regrets of his life, M. Renan reckons the probability of leaving the world before any trustworthy clue to the old Etruscan language has been found. The few authentic vestiges discovered have led to the most conflicting interpretations, while the rare inscriptions on the old burying places of Etruria do not furnish sufficient data for the groundwork of an exact science. Within the last few weeks, however, a remarkable discovery has been made, which, if not proved to be a fraud, may throw some light upon this unknown language. As far back as 1867, a mummy was offered to the museum at Agram by the heirs of an Austrian who held office for many years in Egypt. The mummy was cursorily examined by the Egyptologist Brugsch, who noticed that the bands in which the figure was swathed were covered internally with writing. No special curiosity was aroused by this discovery until the other day, when Professor Krall, of Vienna, recalled the story, and requested that the bands might be sent to him for inspection. After much patient study, he arrived at the conclusion that these bands, which represented at least a dozen columns of text, were not written in Egyptian but in Etruscan character,

identical in most respects with the undoubted inscriptions on the Etruscan tombs discovered in Italy. M. Maspero, while hesitating to endorse all Professor Krall's conclusions, admits that it is quite possible that the Egyptians, who were known to possess the lore of foreign languages, may have transcribed this work from some lost source; but he points out that recent discoveries in Egypt have brought to light several *steli*, written in a language of which the key has not yet been found.

A distinguished archaeologist—a title-bearing Republican and the inheritor of an historic name—passed away quite recently at Hyères without attracting notice. Baron Gustave de Bonstetten was the grandson of the well-known friend of Madame de Staël, Benjamin Constant, de Saussure, and a host of others whose names are associated with the Château de Coppet and the banks of Lake Lemane. Gustave de Bonstetten was born at Geneva in 1816, and was educated at the Institut Töpffer, of which the director in the next generation was the author of the world-known "Voyages en Zigzag." After passing through the usual course of study he entered the Diplomatic Service, and from 1833 to 1844 this fellow-countryman of Tell was Chamberlain to the Hapsburg Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, and in this quality attended the coronation of Queen Victoria in London. After his marriage with Mdlle. de Rongemont he returned to Switzerland, occupying himself chiefly with classical and archaeological studies. He spent a very considerable sum in investigating and laying bare the tumuli, dolmens, and menhirs which abound in Western Switzerland; and he published a series of interesting maps showing the old prehistoric and Roman roads by which Switzerland was connected with France and Italy. In his château of Eichenbühl, near Thun, he entertained with generous hospitality foreigners of all nations, and his reminiscences and family traditions, which he recounted with true French *esprit*, will be pleasantly remembered by those who could not follow his learned discussions on prehistoric monuments.

The opposition made in certain quarters to the appointment of the new director of the Irish National Gallery, on the ground of his English nationality, comes with singular ill-grace at a time when the far more lucrative post in England is held by an Irishman, Sir F. Burton, whose natural successor, had he lived, would have been another Irishman, Mr. H. Doyle. Mr. Walter Armstrong's appointment, if he should consent to accept it—a matter of some doubt—will withdraw from the ranks of art critics one of their most accomplished members. Mr. Armstrong came to London some fifteen years ago with a University reputation and a knowledge of art gained from the excellent drawings in the Taylor Buildings, which previously formed part of the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Since coming to London, and in addition to his newspaper work, Mr. Armstrong has written several valuable monographs on Scotch, French, and English masters, and he was joint-editor with Mr. R. E. Graves of the new edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters," a useful work, but sadly in need of the light let in by modern scholarship and research. It is, perhaps, curious that Mr. Armstrong, coming from Oxford, when writing about Henry Robert Morland, the father of George Morland, should have made no reference to his excellent full-length portrait of Queen Caroline, perhaps the only one of George the Third's "homely" wife, now hanging in the Common Room of Queen's College.

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A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

There is a great deal about women in the April reviews. In the *Westminster* Miss Blake enumerates the reforms which cannot be passed unless women obtain the Parliamentary suffrage. In the *Nineteenth Century* Miss Collett cites distressing statistics to show how large a proportion of single women can never get married. Will the franchise for women remedy this evil, I wonder? and will the Legislature inflict a severe penalty on every bachelor who cannot justify his objection to matrimony? In the *Fortnightly* Madame Adam threatens us with terrible things which are to result from the refusal to recognise "the real value and social utility of women." Woman will assert dominion "through her wiles," and she may even come to exercise "a truly diabolical influence." This alarms Madame Adam, who assures us that the superiority of women to men is as dangerous as the brutal authority which men now maintain over women. I am afraid that Madame Adam is deficient in humour, and that the advocates of Women's Suffrage in this country will studiously refrain from quoting sentiments which are likely to excite irrepressible mirth in the masculine animal. Incidentally, Madame Adam observes that man is degraded by tobacco. I suppose this indictment is due to the irritating reflection that women cannot assert the equality of the sexes by sitting in the smoking-room. But when we have a Parliament elected by a preponderance of women, it may be made penal for men to seclude themselves for the purpose of practising the rites of the debasing cigar.

In the politics of the reviews I stand amazed before the airy confidence of Mr. H. T. Reid, who demonstrates the ease with which not only Home Rule for Ireland but a complete remodelling of the House of Commons can be taken in hand. There are to be two Ministries, one for imperial affairs and the other for domestic affairs, and when the one is thrown out the other need not care a button, and each is to have the luxury of a special general election. My breath is taken away by the facility and dispatch with which these changes are to be effected, if the reformers will only swallow the cherry instead of making two or three bites at it. The cherry happens to be a monstrous specimen of its kind, but Mr. Reid is ready for it, stone and all. Another remarkable project is disclosed by Mr. Lilly in the *New Review*. Mr. Lilly publishes a speech he made not long ago at Birmingham, in which he proposed a settlement of the quarrel between the Pope and the Italian Government. Let the Pope be recognised as a secular sovereign, with a European guarantee of his domicile in the Vatican, and let Rome be made an independent city with the right to frame her own laws. As Mr. Lilly admits that the Pope has no party in Rome, the object of this suggestion is not plain. Putting aside the circumstances that Rome is the capital of the Italian kingdom, and that it is not usual to turn capitals into free cities, what would happen if the Roman populace were to turn the Pope out of the Vatican? Should we have the spectacle of the Pontiff being restored by foreign bayonets, while the Italian people looked on unconcerned by this gross interference with their domestic affairs? The Rev. Guinness Rogers writes, in the *Contemporary*, about the Nonconformist conscience in politics, and, as a study in psychology, to say nothing of logic, the article abounds in curiosities. In the same review there is a remarkable indictment of the Emperor William by a German writer, a good deal more plain-spoken than Dr. Bamberger, who, in the *New Review*,

treats his sovereign with the vaguely respectful caution which might be expected from a member of the Reichstag in these days of prosecution for *lese-majesté*. In a triumphant celebration of the Progressive victory in London, Mr. John Burns again displays in the *Nineteenth Century* that maturity of literary style which has already surprised his friends. He knows all about De Tocqueville, and alludes to Plutarch and Epaminondas with the airiness of an old acquaintance. One of these days, when Mr. Cremer is Prime Minister, Mr. Burns may be made Regius Professor of History at Oxford. *Blackwood*, by-the-way, possesses an historian who has some claim to distinction. He is much distressed by the common idea that Charles I. was insincere. "If the popular leaders," he says, "had met Charles with a frank belief in the honesty of his intentions, the issue would have been very different." It would, and the bleaching skulls of those popular leaders would have borne mute but eloquent witness in some conspicuous place to the fruits of their simplicity.

Some of us have had our withers wrung by Mr. Mallock, to whom I apologise for using a Shakespearian phrase. For Mr. Mallock shows in the *New Review* that while style is the man, it is not the man of letters. To write well you should draw from life, not books, and more especially not from magazines. Let Mr. John Burns give heed to this. He must forget Epaminondas, and quote the "dockers." The critic must be human, and not literary. He must genially adapt himself to the ideas of the general reader, and abandon his little idiosyncrasies of taste and form which are obstacles to the brotherhood of man. This is a hard saying. Why should the critic who has been dipping into the *New Republic* feel impelled to forego his pleasant peculiarities? Why should not Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the *New Review*, reprove Miss Lawless for putting into her new story things which have very little to do with it, though in this respect "David Grieve" is monumental? Is it human or is it literary for Mr. Gosse to say in the *National Review* that "The Wages of Sin" is a suitable novel for "great growing girls"? When I read Lucas Malet's story I thought it was pretty strong even for the average clubman. Style, remarks Mr. Mallock, ought to be a revelation of character; so if I were to say that on the whole I prefer the article on the bitter beer of the ancients in the *Gentleman's* to the account of Paul Bourget in the same periodical, should I prove to Madame Adam that man is degraded by ale as well as tobacco? The sense of responsibility under such conditions becomes oppressive. I envy the insouciance of the dramatic critic of the *Westminster*, who says that Shakespeare and Ibsen "are as interesting, as deep, and as monotonous as real life"; also that "they do not attempt to ornament their dialogue with sparklingly witty repartees of an impossible nature." This is a revelation on which I do not presume to dwell; nor would it be prudent to hazard an opinion about Mr. Swinburne's dictum in the *Fortnightly* that in any other literature but ours Richard Brome would be eminent and famous. I note, however, with satisfaction that, according to Sir Robert Ball in the *Fortnightly*, the sun will last another four or five million years; so there is ample time for the man of letters to get rid of his literary qualities and become as human as the man in the street.

L. F. A.

The House of Commons' Committee has been taking further evidence of residents at St. John's Wood, Finchley Road, and the north-west side of Regent's Park, against the project of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company

to invade that quiet and pleasant neighbourhood for a monster terminus of goods traffic from the Midland counties. Eminent artists, such as Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., and Miss Octavia Hill, on behalf of the Kyle Society for popular recreation, join with the owners of house property, and with the heads of private families living there, to denounce this ruthless scheme. The Zoological Society's Gardens would seem likely to be injured, and perhaps also those of the Royal Botanic Society, by the smoke and dust and din of an enormous railway station on the skirts of Regent's Park.

The British Government grant to the British department of the World's Fair at Chicago has been increased from £25,000 to £60,000, and British exhibitors will have space free of charge.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have appointed the Rev. Benjamin Meredyth Kitson, who since 1880 has been Vicar of All Saints, Lower Clapton, to the rectory of Barnes. Mr. Kitson was formerly organising secretary for the Metropolitan district of the Additional Curates Society and secretary of the Additional Bishops' Fund. He has been for the last five years chaplain of the Eastern Fever Hospital at Ilford, and represents Hackney on the School Board for London.

The effort in South London to acquire Brockwell Park, Herne Hill, as a place of public recreation, has been successfully accomplished, at a cost of £119,500, of which the London County Council have contributed £61,000, the Charity Commissioners £25,000, the Lambeth Vestry £20,000, the Camberwell and Newington Vestries, respectively, £6000 and £5000, and the remainder has been subscribed. The opening of the park is fixed for Whit Monday.

At the Liverpool Assizes, before the Lord Chief Justice, Edward Holden, a surveyor, formerly a clerk in the Royal Engineers' office at Malta, was convicted, under the "Official Secrets Act," of attempting to bribe a soldier of the Royal Engineers, Lance-Corporal Thomas M'Cartney, to reveal information to an agent of the French Government concerning the guns in certain batteries erected at Malta three or four years ago. He was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. This is the first prosecution under the Act. Lance-Corporal M'Cartney, like a loyal and true soldier, reported the affair to his commanding officer.

Reports of Emin Pasha's proceedings and proposals at Wadai, his old seat of government on the Upper Nile, from which he was carried away by Mr. H. M. Stanley, continue to reach his friends in Germany. It is said that he has recovered the store of ivory, valued at £70,000, which he left there five years ago; if so, it is the property of the Khedive of Egypt, but was to have repaid the costs of the British Relief Expedition. He asks the German Imperial Government to declare that Wadai does not belong to the territory of the British East Africa Company; and certainly it does not.

The recently published official statistics of religious "denominations" in the German Empire are significant, as they show an extremely small increase—a decrease, relatively to population—both in the Evangelical (Lutheran) and in the Roman Catholic Churches during twenty years past, while the number of persons who decline to profess adherence to any church or sect has been immensely multiplied, apparently more than doubling at periods of five years. These people are charitably described as "without religion." One is reminded of a verse or two of Lessing's and Schiller's on that point. It seems that the Methodists and the Quakers are increasing in Germany.

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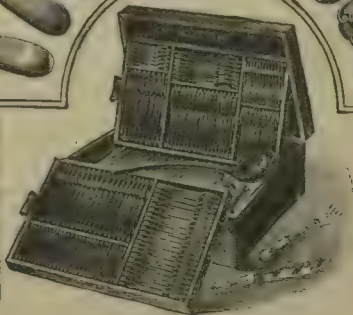


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The will (dated Nov. 21, 1890) of Mr. Edward Mortimer Hill, late of 31, Upper Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, who died on Feb. 5, was proved on March 29 by Henry William Hill, the nephew, and Frederick Mead, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £165,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 and his leasehold residence, with the plate, pictures, books, furniture, wines, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to his wife, Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Hill, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement; an annuity of £250 to his sister, Sarah Mortimer Hill; £250 to each of his executors; £500 each to the seven children of William Hornbrook and the two children of Edgar Holt; and legacies to indoor and outdoor servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life; then as to £30,000, as she shall appoint; as to £30,000, to the vicar and churchwardens of Cullumpton, near Exeter, in which parish he was born, to distribute the annual income among deserving poor persons resident in the said parish; and as to the remainder, for his children. In default of children he gives £5000 to six of the children of his late cousin, William Mortimer; and the ultimate residue is to be divided into twenty-one parts, one of which he gives to each of the seven children of William Hornbrook, the two children of Edgar Holt, the seven children of the said William Mortimer, the four daughters of Frank Holt, and to his said nephew, Henry William Hill.

The will (dated July 31, 1879), with a codicil (dated May 23, 1887), of Sir George Samuel Jenkinson, Bart., late of

Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on March 31 by Sir George Banks Jenkinson, the son, and William Stewart Forster, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £89,000. The testator settles the Eastwood, Ilawkesbury, and Leigh estates, in the county of Gloucester, and the residue of his real estate upon his son, George Banks, who has succeeded to the baronetcy, but there is a condition that no person who does not profess the Protestant religion shall be entitled to possession; and all his stocks, funds, and shares and the Napoleon Sèvres china and plate which came from the Earls of Liverpool are settled to go therewith. He leaves £400 per annum for the benefit of his daughter, Emily Frances; and after reciting that out of the trust funds of his marriage settlement he has appointed £5000 in favour of his daughter, Viscountess Maidstone, he appoints a further sum of £5000 to his son, for life, and then to his children, and the remainder of the said trust funds to his son absolutely. The residue of his personal estate he bequeaths to his said son. Ample provision is made for his wife, but she has since died.

The will (dated July 23, 1890), with a codicil (dated Feb. 13, 1892), of Miss Louisa Hannah Fawcett Bennett, formerly of The Grange, Cheshire, and late of 6, Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Florence, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on March 23 by Charles Heaton Hinde, Robert Bridgford, John Bury, and Peter Jeffrey Ramsay, four of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £87,000. The testatrix bequeaths £6000 to the Manchester Royal Infirmary; £5000 to the British Home for Incurables (Clapham Rise), on condition that a ward is maintained therein bearing the name of "Hannah Fawcett Bennett," in memory of her late

mother; £3000 to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton; £2000 each to the Manchester Blind Asylum (Old Trafford), the Establishment for Gentlemen (90, Harley Street), and the Cancer Hospital (Brompton); £1000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, on condition that the governing body construct and maintain a life-boat to bear the name of "Hannah Fawcett Bennett," also in memory of her mother, to be permanently stationed upon some part of the Cheshire or Lancashire coast; £1000 each to the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb (272, Oxford Street), the Middlesex Hospital, St. Thomas's Hospital, the Clergy, Ladies' Home (Westbourne Park), and the Anglican Episcopal Church, Via La Marmora, Florence, as an endowment fund; £30,000 to Ralph Spencer Paget, son of Sir Augustus Paget, K.C.B.; £5000 to Constance Davenport, and £2000 to her daughter "Dickie"; £5000 each to Talbot Neville Fawcett Davenport, Peter Jeffrey Ramsay, and Robert Egerton Bennett; and many other legacies, pecuniary and specific. All her real estate, and the residue of her personal estate, she gives to the said Ralph Spencer Paget.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1890) of Mr. Ralph Heaton, J.P., Knight of St. Maurice and Lazarus, Chairman of the Birmingham Mint Company, late of Courtlands, Westbourne Road, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on April 4 by Mrs. Annie Heaton, the widow, and Ralph Heaton, Walter Heaton, and Gerald Heaton, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £66,000. The testator bequeaths his plate, pictures, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages to his wife, for life; £5000 to each of his six children, Ralph, Walter, Gerald, Ellen, Annie, and Constance; and during the life of his wife the

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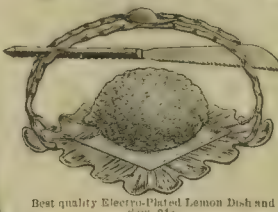


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income of a sum of £5000 to each of his said six children. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his children as she shall appoint, and, in default, to his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 28, 1886) of Mr. William Edward Burridge, late of Shaftesbury, Dorset, solicitor, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on March 24 by William Forrester and Robert Frederick Norton, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £61,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and his wines and consumable stores, to his wife, Mrs. Amelia Burridge; his furniture, plate, pictures, books, household effects, horses and carriages to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter, Charlotte Mary; £7000 to his said daughter; £230, and an annuity of £250, to his sister, Sarah Mary; £1000 to his nephew, Hugh Carl Forrester, and a further £2000 on the cesser of the annuity to his sister; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his daughter, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1892) of Mrs. Jemima Graham, late of 71, Holland Park, Kensington, who died on Jan. 31, was proved on March 18 by William Wykeham Frederick Bourne and Francis John Stephen Hopwood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testatrix bequeaths £6000 each to her sister, Susanna Jones, her sister-in-law, Letitia Constable Bourne, and her nephew, Major John Henry Wolsley Bourne; £4000 to her brother, William Bourne; £1000 to each of the children of her said sister, sister-in-law, nephew, and brother; and legacies to servants and former maid. The residue of her property, whether real or personal, is to be equally divided between her nephews and nieces.

The will (dated May 6, 1890) of the Rev. William Henry Dyson, late of 6, Carlton Road, Ealing, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 15 by Henry John Graham and Charles Alfred Case, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £39,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 and all his furniture, books, plate, pictures, and effects to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Harriet Dyson, and legacies to his executors. All his

real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the equal benefit of his children.

The will (dated March 13, 1890) of Mr. Alfred Smith, late of Wantley, Henfield, Sussex, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on March 15 by Harry Smith, the brother, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his brothers, Arthur and Harry, in equal shares; and in case of either predeceasing him the whole is to go to the survivor.

The will (dated Feb. 15, 1879), with a codicil (dated April 23, 1885), of Mrs. Emily Mary Bates, late of Wilton Lodge, Sydenham Road, Croydon, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on March 19 by William Anastasius Jones and Miss Mary Eleanor Josephine Bates, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. The testatrix, after giving some legacies, gives the residue of her personal estate to her daughters, Emily Mary Watson, Mary Eleanor Josephine Bates, and Susan Cecilia Bates, in equal shares.

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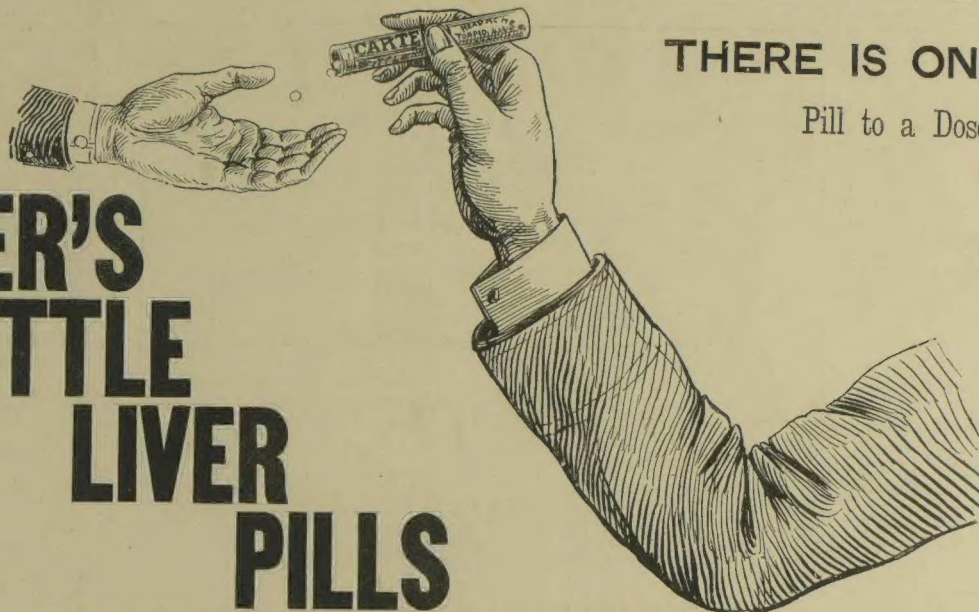
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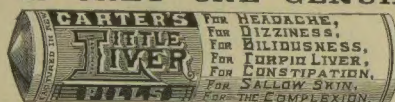
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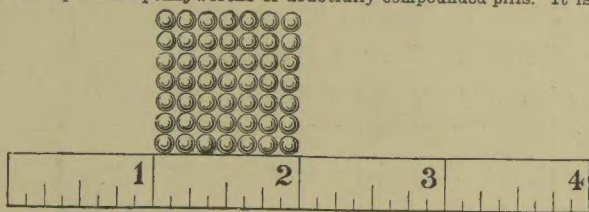
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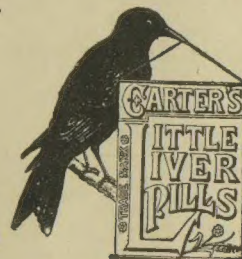
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Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the
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"Is as nearly tasteless
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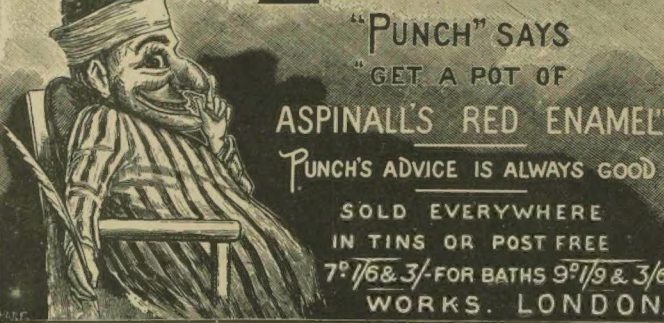
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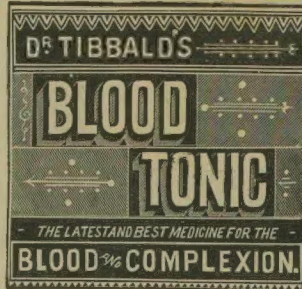
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